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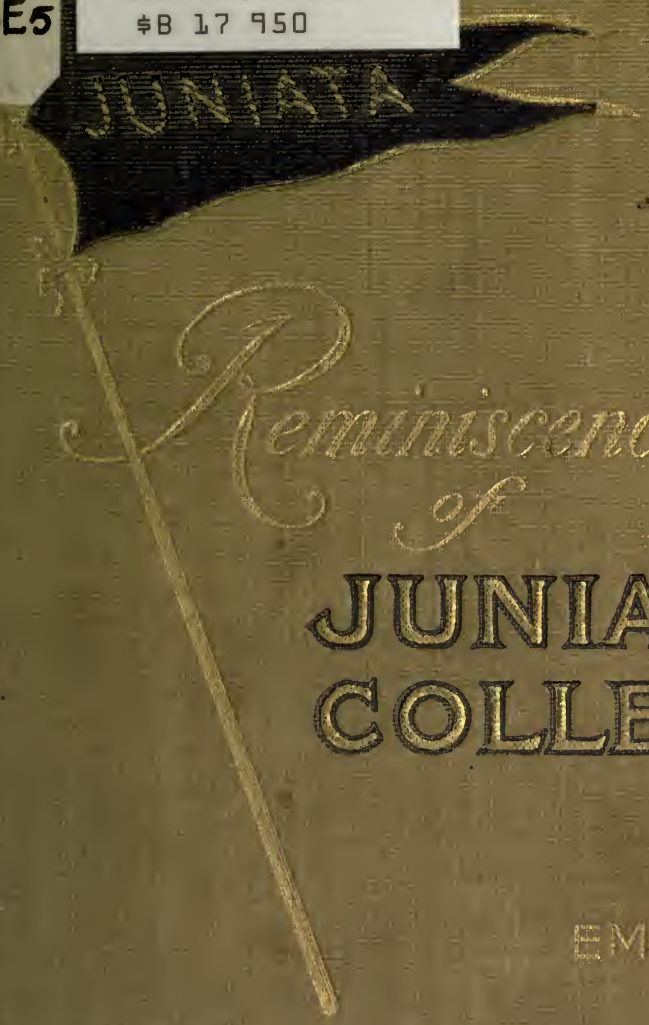

Reminiscences of JUNIATA COLLEGE

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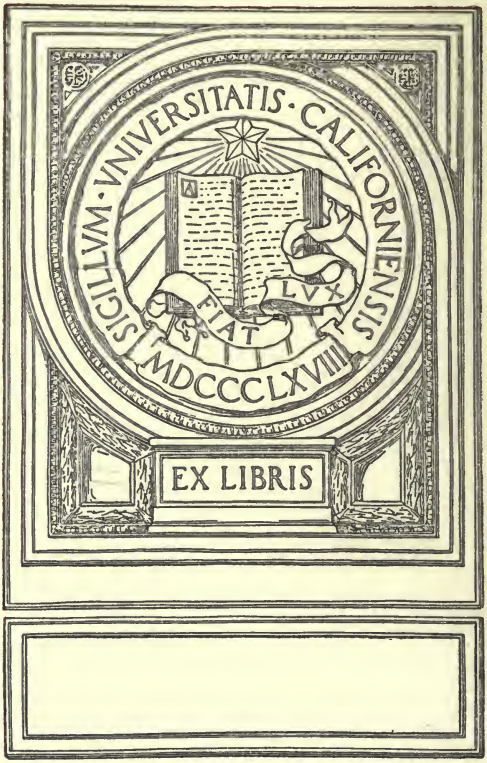
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Reminiscences of Juniata College

Students' Hall Founders' Hall Ladies' Hall Oneida Hall

JUNIATA COLLEGE (1901)

Reminiscences of Juniata College

Quarter Century
1876–1901

BY
DAVID EMMERT
Instructor in Art and Natural Sciences

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HUNTINGDON, PA.
ILLUSTRATED & PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1901

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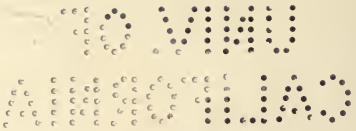

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INTRODUCTORY

THE world admires the young man who, under adverse circumstances, struggles up from obscurity to win the laurels of success.

The penniless boy with pluck and determination has a large mortgage upon the sympathies of the public. Men applaud and admire heroic deeds which they never would have had the courage to perform. Oratory swells with the praises of the men who have split rails, tanned hides, and driven mules on the tow-path, on the way to the White House; but thousands who never attained eminence have done the same things with as much courage and faithfulness.

The deeds of a man's life become significant only after he has won his crown.

Self-sacrifice has no virtue except it be for a worthy purpose, and no effort, at whatever cost it may be made, can lay claim to success unless it embody principles and ideals which shall lead on perpetually to the development of the highest things of which human life is capable.

It is sometimes said of people that "they builded better than they knew." They may have builded better than the world knew or believed, but every honest workman knows when he has done his best. The deep secret of success is seldom known or sought for until an individual or an institution develops some distinctive claim to recognition. An institution is fortunate that has a history. If that history harmonizes with the purpose of those who come under its influence it may be a positive inspiration. The duty of presenting the facts becomes apparent when the life of the mother may be magnified in the life of the children.

Every institution has its origin somewhere, sometime, for some purpose; if it prove worthy it will win patronage. If it be

an educational institution, students will come and students will go, with fluctuations of loyalty and enthusiasm, but with no further claim upon their affections than springs from the social life of the place, unless the

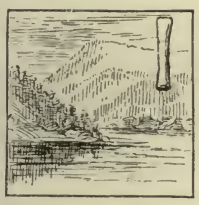
ON COLLEGE CAMPUS

character-forming influences have their root in a strong personality.

Concerning an institution we have in mind, little secrets are constantly leaking out which account for success in the face of adverse circumstances. As they sit under the broad bower of their educational

roof-tree, some of the students of to-day may be interested enough to inquire of its early history. Some may know when the seed was sown; some may have learned of the early frost that cut off all hope of life for a time, the subsequent sprouting and growth, the later storm-twisting stages and the pruning and lopping of branches until the heart-root struck deep and the roof-tree budded, blossomed, and spread its arms, to our supreme delight.

AN APOLOGY



I AM asked to recount some memories of the early days of Juniata. In doing so I may have to be more personal than I naturally care to be.

To establish my right to assume the rôle of historian and autobiographer it may, first of all, be expected that I show my relation to the characters and events of the earliest days.

For a year or two before the institution was founded, I was pleasantly associated with the founder, Professor Zuck, while he taught in the high school and I worked in the machine shops at Waynesboro, Pa. I there learned that we both traced our line of ancestry to the same great family tree. But blood relationship had nothing to do with bringing us together in the work to which he gave his life. It was interest in a common cause.

The secret of my interest in a school for the church, I here confess. It had its spring in the premature death of a dear brother, "my guiding star," a victim of over-study and the hard routine of college life. I shared in his disappointment at the failure of a promising educational enterprise. And when his health and vigor suddenly declined and the school dispersed, education was at a discount in our family. So we went, lovers of art and things intellectual, to seek solace in the tilling of the soil, or the bustle and busy racket of an industrial establishment.

"BROTHER"

A few months later I was summoned home to look upon his face for the last time and take from his dying lips, in broken sentences, his confession and sad expression of regret that all his educational advantages had to be sought for outside the influence of the church to which his heart inclined. I there resolved

that, be it much or little, should the opportunity ever come, I would add my "mite" to the establishment of an educational home for the children of the people under whose simple religious faith we were reared.

Late in July, 1876, at the close of his first "experimental" term in the new school enterprise at Huntingdon, Professor Zuck surprised me in the midst of the repair of an old threshing machine which nobody else about the establishment would touch. I was black as an Ethiopian and could not understand whether the apparent mirth of the Professor sprang so much from the joy of seeing me or of witnessing my predicament. I ventured to explain that this was not my work. For was not I a full-fledged "pattern-maker" — a sort of aristocrat so far as trades and classes of workmen go? He eased my agitation, if I showed any, by the commendatory expression, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might."

We talked school and discussed probable future relations. We parted. In less than three weeks from that date new duties were

thrust upon me by the sudden death of my father, and it was not until the autumn of 1877 that I was permitted to join the noble band of workers at Huntingdon. What I may record from the opening of the school until my coming (a little over a year) I have by tradition. What I shall record after that, to me, eventful date shall be associated with my own experience.

If this record of incidents and experiences grave and comical, joyful and sad, shall lead any one to understand better the motives and principles upon which Juniata, as it stands to-day, was founded, and the spirit in which it has gone forward, the misgivings with which the author of these sketches approaches his task will be atoned for, and the labor amply compensated.

THE BEGINNING

PROF. J. M. ZUCK

APRIL 17, 1876, in a small room in the second story of the "Pilgrim building," with three students,* Prof. J. M. Zuck began what is now Juniata College, but then "The Huntingdon Normal School." Discouraging as it must have been to greet so few on that first morning, we may be assured that the opening was no less devotional and the work of the day no less conscientiously done than if a score or more had gathered.

*Miss Maggie Miller (Mrs. Campbell), Miss Rebecca Cornelius (Mrs. T. Wilday Black), Mr. Gains Brumbaugh (M.D.).

The surroundings were in keeping with the humble spirit of the founder. The little room, 12 x 16 feet, with two windows on the south, through which the soft light sifted in under the leaves of tall maples that stood close on the outside; a long pine table in the center, with three chairs around it (there were probably more on that first morning in anticipation of a larger attendance); plain pine shelves, holding the modest but well-selected library of the teacher; at the far end of the room, and close by it his table with checkered cover and large glass inkstand; above these, on the wall, a map of the world; a round-backed arm-chair with a deerskin thrown over the back and seat, and a long blackboard on stilts leaning against the wall, completed the general furnishing. There must have been a stove somewhere, for April 17 in this latitude chilly blasts still creep down the mountain side.

Into this little compartment, morning by morning, gathered the band of earnest workers, slowly increasing,—now one and another was added as the skill of the

INTERIOR OF ROOM WHERE SCHOOL BEGAN

teacher became known. By the end of the session a dozen or more were crowding around the long pine table and "the star of hope" was rising.

A description of the room and its equipments would be entirely incomplete without a glance at the teacher — of medium height, delicate and slender figure, limping gait, quiet demeanor, thoughtful look, lustrous dark brown eyes, dark hair and beard, somewhat sober expression; smiles, however, had a running course around his lips and mirth held him to her gentlest touch. Wrong-doing never received sterner rebuke than his deepest frown, nor right a brighter commendation than the flash of his beaming eye. The spirit of the teacher was born in him, and his early misfortune schooled him to the profession to which nature had already fitted him.

Encouraged by his first effort, and with a firm faith in the final success of the enterprise, Professor Zuck labored with voice and pen through his summer vacation to find his reward in a promising opening of the Fall term. An additional room was

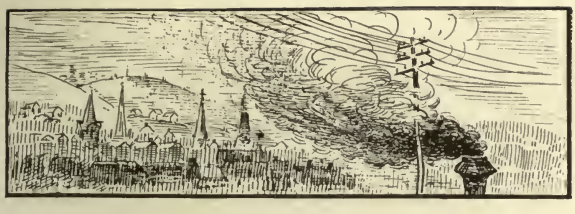
pressed into service, and by the beginning of the Winter term more extensive accommodations had to be found. The large brick mansard-roofed house known as the Burchinell Building, 1224 Washington street, was occupied in February, 1877. Here, in large and beautifully lighted rooms, the school blossomed forth and began to put on the airs of a real institution. Here, too, thus early were to be found students from Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and Pennsylvania. Each morning the little band reviewed itself and noted its increasing numbers as it marched back to the little Chapel in the *Pilgrim* Building, a block away, for religious exercises.

"PILGRIM" BUILDING

The Spring term opened with enlarged attendance. The duties had already in-

creased beyond the capacity and strength of one frail man. Professor Zuck found in his former classmate, Miss Phebe W. Weakley, a valuable assistant, and the regular school year closed with enthusiasm. A teachers' session was again conducted through the summer for a period of six weeks. During this term, Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh, a native of Huntingdon county, and a graduate of Millersville State Normal School, became the strong right arm of Professor Zuck. The Summer session added much to the reputation of the school at home and may be regarded as one of the turning points in its development. It showed distinctively the influence such an institution was capable of wielding in the community and demonstrated the purpose and energy of those who were engaged in its establishment.

The Fall term of 1877 opened with two new departments,—Music and Art,—and an attendance showing a large percentage of increase. Everything bade fair for success, and there was talk of a new building somewhere on the hills.

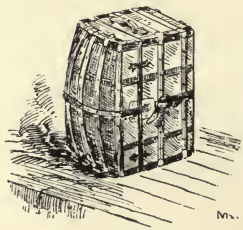


FIRST IMPRESSIONS

MY first impressions of Huntingdon and the school were, likely, not very different from those of hundreds who came later.

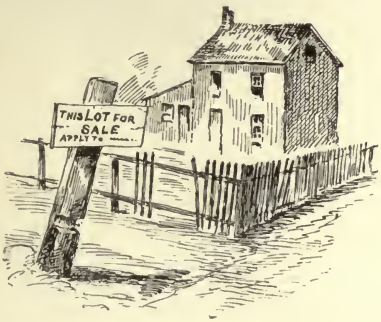
All the morning the fog hung low along the mountain tops as we sped on over the Broad Top railroad from Cumberland, Maryland. My spirit was in much the same melancholy mood, and the soft patter of an occasional shower may honestly have had its counterpart in the dewy dampness of my own eyes, for I was going out into a new and untried field, with the future a blank. When the train whistled and we dashed through the cut beyond the river, and the town with its tall steeples, and the great barren hills (one crowned with the white monuments of a cemetery), all en-

veloped in a soft mysterious haze, burst upon our view, I wished in my heart of hearts that I had never heard the name of Huntingdon. I was, to tell the truth, homesick already. I stepped from the train, but found no reception committee awaiting me. I arranged with the cabman for my transfer to a certain school, of which he seemed to have some knowledge. He set me down at the door of a boarding house, where the cordial greeting of Professor Zuck and a good dinner made me feel at home immediately.



What a town! *Alba longa* (long white town); better *nigra longa* (long black town). For West Huntingdon stretched for a mile or more over a broad plateau and looked as if it had been in the full swell of a great

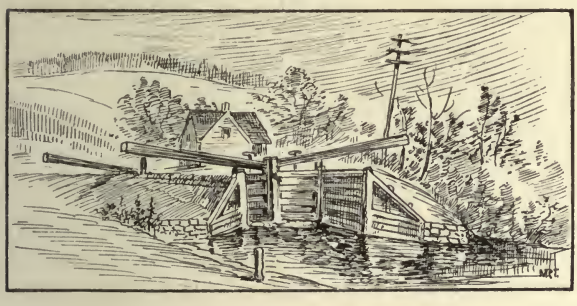
boom sometime and had been stranded by the subsidence of the tide. Here were vacant lots innumerable, with fences and without, sign-boards everywhere: "This lot for Sale. Apply to———"; empty houses many, and board-walks abominable. The streets were unpaved and muddy. The tall stacks of silent factories told the story of industrial decline. Here and there were a few centers of activity. One of these was the *Pilgrim*, later the *Primitive Christian* office. The older part of the town was somewhat more improved, but in many places the pavements were laid with flat stones. There was no sewerage system and the streets were lighted, when at all, by coal-oil lamps.



One of the subjects of the closing exercises of the preceding Spring term I had observed was, "Huntingdon as a Desirable Location for an Educational Institution." I

began to wonder what a speaker could find to say on the subject. The people of the town were very cordial, but one was inclined to question whether they welcomed him for the good they had to give him or because "misery loves company." I soon learned, however, that the good will was of the most genuine sort and felt at home among the people. Then I began to lift up my head, and when the mists had cleared away what a revelation! Here were the delectable mountains. Mountains such as I had never before taken time to study and admire, ridges and ranges and peaks — an endless panorama of beauty and loveliness. Then, when the morning sun broke over the eastern hills with a near horizon, the golden light deluged the sky and turned every fleeting cloud to flame. The sunsets were no less intense, but softer and more varied. In the lowlands I had never known such color. The distant mountain masses turned to deepest purple, and the nearer to pearly ash, with a golden glamour over all. I could now understand why people loved this land and why a quiet content

seemed to rest upon them. This was at last the environment my nature longed for, and I was thoroughly at home. Dilapidated houses, broken pavements and all else sank from sight. My realm of beauty was beyond, and these hills have never lost their charm. Twenty-five years have brought to few towns, outside of boom centers, greater changes than to Huntingdon. Much of its quaint picturesqueness is gone. The old canal with the old locks, the wharves and the queer warehouses, Cottage Grove, and the wooded banks of the race and river are things of the past, but these old-time scenes added not a little to the attractiveness of the place in early days.



THE SCHOOL

OF the school, there did not at first sight appear to be much visible evidence. The students boarded in private families. A few boarded themselves, cooked in the kitchen of the school building and roomed on the third floor. Here also Professor Zuck had his private apartment, while he took his meals at a boarding house near by. It was arranged (and quite agreeably to myself) that I should share this apartment and take my meals in the same way. So we began housekeeping together on bare floors in a room with a one-hooded dormer window. We put down a cheap carpet later, and that improved the home feeling.

It soon became evident that Professor Zuck was under great financial strain to equip the school, pay his teachers (small as were their salaries), add to the library and supply apparatus as necessity demanded. As a matter of economy and in the spirit

of the truest self-sacrifice, he proposed to me that I continue to take my meals at the boarding house according to contract, and that he would join the club to reduce personal expenses. I replied promptly to this, "Whither thou goest, I will go. What is good enough for you is good enough for me." And so we made application to the "Club," which Club became a by-word in the school and suggests some of the most pathetic history of the early struggle.

BURCHINELL HOUSE
1224 Washington Street

Everything seemed to call for united effort of hands and hearts. There was a feeling of intensity emanating from some source — I cannot even now define it — which united the whole band of students and

teachers in a common cause. I remember my first Saturday, and some later ones, were devoted to making a large center-table for the library (a very convenient and necessary article of furniture it afterwards proved to be). Others did one thing and another, even service the most menial, and no one ever thought of extra pay.

When the school gathered for the opening, September, 1877, and about sixty boys and girls tripped into the apparently roomy house, it seemed real crowded and the impression of the "bigness" of the institution grew.

There was a snap and vim about the work that enlisted one's enthusiasm at once. The Principal was a close, hard worker and an accomplished organizer. Every one was put on his mettle to do his best. A common saying in chapel talks was, "We want no drones in this educational hive. If you do not care to work, save your money and go home; your places will be better filled by more worthy ones," etc. This policy has been adhered to down to the present day. No one has ever been able to purchase a

"loafing place" in Juniata for money. It is "work or go."

From the beginning, literary discipline was made a strong feature of the school. Professor Zuck was eminently practical and aimed to bring out the best in the individual. There were literary sections in regular class work, and special literary societies of students under the oversight of the teachers. Some may recall the "Irving," "Bryant," and Ben Bowser's "Ebenezer" club. Then there was the "Eclectic Literary Society," which met weekly in the little Chapel. The membership was composed of students, teachers and citizens of the town. The programs consisted usually of orations, essays, declamations, debates, and a paper. The spirit of the early sessions of that society has never been surpassed in its later history. The old "Eclectic Literary Society" will be remembered by many as the gymnasium in which they developed the intellectual fiber for their later successful work. The ladies tell a story about the organization of this society which is deserving of note. The

call for a preliminary meeting to organize a literary society was made early in the first term of the school. To this meeting the ladies were not invited. Their curiosity got the better of them, however, and they gathered in the little hall at the back of the Chapel where the meeting was being held and listened through the keyhole. There must have been somewhere in the preamble or resolutions a clause admitting, or at least not excluding them, for at the first regular meeting they were present, and proved their ability and earnestness by their active interest from that time on.

The Eclectic Society now survives in the two active societies of the school, the Wahneeta and the Oriental, both of which may well emulate their mother.

Another impressive feature of the school at the time — although attendance was voluntary — was the Sunday afternoon Bible class. In a very simple and plain way, Professor Zuck conducted the study. His applications were pointed and impressive, and his ability to set the student think-

ing and to draw out an expression of his thought was a matter of remark. Always, at the opening or close of the class, a short essay or two was read on some subject pertinent to the lesson, showing the constant purpose of the teacher to encourage definite and intense thought and to develop literary ability as well.

I may conclude that, notwithstanding the gloomy outlook upon my arrival, my first impressions of the school quite exceeded my expectations.

A PROPOSITION OF CONSOLIDATION

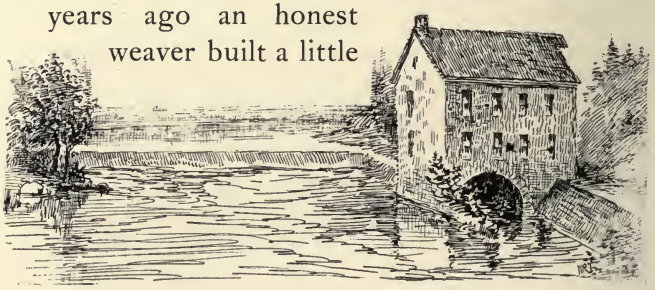
THE Fall term of 1877 progressed with promise of encouraging results. The enthusiasm of teachers and pupils afforded a fair test of the permanency of the work. There was a buoyant feeling of hope among the students and a deep sense of responsibility among the founders and friends of the school. It was a kind of dream period of the "what is to be." It was evident that the school had come to stay and ere long it would have to be provided with a permanent home. There was a quiet search for sites, and plans were suggested for a building when as yet there was not a dollar in the treasury. Even thus early there seemed, at home and abroad, an impression that this movement was destined to succeed, and when the educational enthusiasm was suddenly aroused in other parts, the question of the effect of rivalry and the bare possibility of survival under com-

petition became serious. The proposition of consolidation with a school enterprise having promise of large financial support, but lacking a practical test, brought a pause in all building plans for a time.

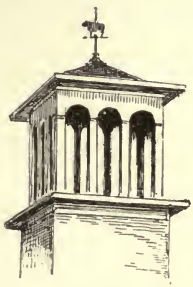
Then came "an ambassador" from the land of the setting sun—a man of enthusiastic spirit, good address, and wonderful persuasive power. He told of the great scheme to establish a college of the first rank; of their purposes to equip and endow and professor it, and start it a booming success at once. Why struggle through the long, trying period of experimental development? Professor Zuck was inclined to the scriptural suggestion, and the natural order of growth, "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." When the fair pictures and promises seemed to fail of effect, the said "ambassador" became somewhat impatient and said, in a not too brotherly way, "Well, if you do not unite with us you will be swallowed up." So he departed, leaving, for a time, a shadow of gloom and uncertainty behind him.

The confidential talks of Professor Zuck indicated the fear he felt of strong competition and the wavering faith he held in the possibility of raising the necessary funds in the east. One evening, shortly after this event, as the shadows of twilight were deepening into night, I found him sitting alone in a recitation-room in a most melancholy mood, in one hand lightly holding his cane, with the other gently stroking his brow — a familiar attitude when in deep thought. Our conversation turned at once upon the question of consolidation. Then I thought of an illustration — an incident from life — and for his comfort told the story.

"Far down where the historic Antietam, leaving the broad, fertile meadows, sweeps in a short curve around a rocky bluff, long years ago an honest weaver built a little



mill. The site, lonely and even hard of access, was chosen because of the ease with which he could construct a dam at that point and convert the quiet flow of the stream into power. From all the country round about came the fleeces of many flocks. The business prospered and the little mill bearing the name of its owner became a household word in the community. A few miles down the creek a great stone dam was built, for industries now declining. Its slack water reached back nearly to the little woollen mill. This dam was a wealth of power for manufacturing purposes. Then some one bethought him of the little weaver up the stream. His quiet industry had borne fruit and was at once the suggestion of a great enterprise, so there was laid the foundation of an extensive woollen mill. Upon it grew a many-storied structure; on the top of the tall tower, serving the double purpose of weather-vane and emblem of trade, was the gilded figure of a lamb. Thousands of



dollars were staked upon the enterprise and the whole community dreamed but of its success. The finest machinery was set, the offices were well furnished, and even a great watch-dog was chained to his kennel near the door. *But they couldn't get the wool.* The capital was exhausted. The bubble burst, and the tall building stands a silent monument to somebody's impracticable idea." The Professor keenly appreciated the moral — It takes more than bricks and mortar to make a school. "We will be sure of the wool before we build the factory," said he, and, breaking into one of his convulsive fits of half-suppressed laughter, the clouds of despondency suddenly lifted for the night and I never heard him speak of consolidation again.

CLUB LIFE

THE experiences of the few boys and girls who, for purely economical reasons, had formed a boarding club were both pathetic and ludicrous. The club! There were really two clubs — one of two boys and two girls, and the other of one lone boy. They all cooked on the same stove and ate at the same table.

One evening just before Professor Zuck and I joined their number I peeped in, all unobserved, at the window of the little back kitchen. It was supper time, and the five were seated around a plain table without cover. The odor of potato soup, with a faint suggestion that it was scorched, came through the window. What else they had would be easy to enumerate. At the far side of the table sat a little white-headed boy eating something out of a tin cup. This remark, from him, I overheard: "Say, Ben, if you will give me some of your po-

tato soup I will give you some of my oatmeal." "Done!" said Ben; and right there was transacted the most primitive order of commerce—"barter." They called it "swapping." The seriousness of the transaction and its further suggestiveness was too much for me, and I made my presence known by a hearty laugh, in which they all joined. The very simplicity of their life and their heroic fortitude excited my sympathy and admiration, and I was the more anxious to be one of their number.

A few days later a longer table was spread in the downstairs study room and seven sat down together, with Professor Zuck at the head. This increase in numbers necessitated some organization. Ben was elected steward; Levi, janitor, and the girls were to do the cooking as their contribution to general sustenance.

The pro rata weekly assessment was very low. The diet was simple, and after a few weeks became a little monotonous. Occasionally there was meat. Molasses was always abundantly plenty, but the one standard dish for supper was a sort of potato

soup. The girls would put the potatoes on, about the beginning of the last period of the day, and go to class. On their return it was the work of a few moments

THE SEVEN ORPHANS AND ONE MORE

to dress them with milk and serve. Invariably the soup was scorched. The taste we got used to, but even yet, when in a reminiscent mood on those early days, the odor of burnt potato soup comes back as a product of the imagination to accent the incidents that made those days memorable.

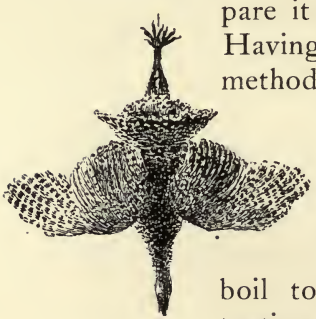
The club came to be a jolly band. Mirth was the sauce of every meal, and what was lacking in variety and quantity was more than made up by good appetites. Some one dubbed us "The Seven Orphans," and the name clung to us long after the club had doubled its numbers. By common consent, there was to be no supper on Sunday evenings. The Sunday dinners not being so elaborate as some of us were used to at home, we could not quite accommodate ourselves to this order of abstinence, so we would sneak off to the cellar, and there, in that damp place, standing on boards and planks, we ate many a good lunch of apple-butter bread, and cold cabbage. The friends of one of the Ohio boys sent him a barrel of delicious apple-butter, and while it lasted we "lived high." For weeks the diet was plain and simple, and as Thanksgiving came on there was more or less discussion as to how we should celebrate the day. It was agreed that we should have a turkey, and to this end the steward was instructed.

For days we had seen men marching by

with guns on their shoulders, going towards the hills. To us of the lowlands and prairies it was a new thing to hear of "turkey hunting." Some had never seen a wild turkey. Now here we were right in the turkey country. All along the ridges —Warrior, Piney, and Tussey's Mountain, and the cliffs beyond the river—we could hear the "bang," "bang" of the guns. It reminded me of war times when the picket lines were close and the forces were marshaling for a battle. The hunters usually came in after dark, so we saw little of the game and despaired of getting a turkey at any price.

It seemed almost providential that the day before Thanksgiving a man with a rickety team drove up to our door and offered for sale, at a reasonable figure, a fine young wild turkey hen. The steward "dickered" with him on prices, while the rest of us, intensely interested in the transaction, peeped through the blinds on the inside. As Ben paid him the money and

triumphantly bore away the coveted game, the man called after him, "You'll never regret that you bought that turkey!" and neither did we. The girls assumed to prepare it in a way quite new to us. Having in mind, no doubt, the methods of doing up a patriarch of the flock at home, they proceeded in the same way with this dainty young bird of the forest. They put it into a pot to boil to tenderness, with the intention of roasting it in the oven afterwards. They cooked it, as they supposed, the required length of time, and when they came to lift it there was a dilemma. It was almost ready to save the carver all further trouble. They called for help, and four persons with forks did succeed in getting it into the pan in some semblance to a typical roast. They applied the filling and thrust it into the oven to brown. When the dinner bell rang our appetites were sharpened to the most delicate keenness, for the hour was late. Of cranberries



and celery there were none, but the turkey was delicious, and the carver was spared the embarrassment of struggling to find the joints, for it literally fell to pieces.

To say that we enjoyed that Thanksgiving dinner as few others before or since is simple truth. There were no fragments left over for a stew next day. The reflection that intrudes itself is — the simple incidents that attend privation, self-denial, and even pain, rivet some of the happiest memories of the fading years.

NOTE.—The members of the original club were: Miss Mary Bowlby, W.Va.; Miss Hannah Cassel, Pa.; B. F. Bowser and Levi Stoner, Ohio; Joseph Wells, Pa. Later were added Professor Zuck and the writer. William Beery, the "one more," came at the opening of the winter term, 1878.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR

AS indicating the development of the school, early in the fall of 1877 there came a pressing demand for German. Professor Zuck cast about to find a German teacher. His limited means precluded a specialist. After some weeks of patient inquiry he incidentally learned of a native German, an accomplished scholar by reputation, who was stopping temporarily among the farmers in the valley a few miles out. The Professor was invited to present himself with a view to an engagement. On a certain day he came. All horror —a tramp! Hair and beard unkempt, slouched and greasy hat, shabby and dirty clothes, pants tucked into his cowhide boots and a faded carpet-sack grip under his arm. The students stood aghast, and even Professor Zuck looked "sold." A private talk revealed

HOW HE CAME

the fact that he was not only an accomplished German scholar, but classical as well. He was regarded as a sort of uncut diamond, and we set about with a good will to polish him. Professor Zuck bought him a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes; I gave him a shirt, and one of the boys contributed a hat. I think the barber, too, exercised his art upon his shock and bristles, and we initiated him into the luxuries of the bath. When he appeared again there was a wonderful transformation. He even seemed to have a dainty and more dudish step, and we all took a real pride in the way in which he was brought out and the evident satisfaction he felt in his new attire. He was added to the "club" and given a seat at Professor Zuck's right hand, an honor which we did not know he esteemed so highly until by accident or otherwise some one else slipped into his place, and he was moved down a notch. He regarded this "demotion" as a

HOW HE WAS

real insult or an attempt to humiliate him, and expressed his feelings in vigorous language. He was soothed by being returned to his coveted place.

A couple of weeks went by and we noticed a peculiar sullenness in the old Professor from time to time. Some of the boys were mean enough to suggest that he was getting "dry." To furnish beer, however, was not a part of the contract. The girls of the German class, about the same time, were observed to show a particular distress of countenance, and their eyes indicated that there was grief somewhere deep enough for tears. Then we heard open complaints and bold denunciation of "the old tyrant," and even worse names were given him. There was a kind of indignation meeting in the office one day at which all the members of the German class were present. Professor Zuck heard their plaint in his usual quiet way, and the sedate Professor of German was summoned into his presence. What was said in the brief interview none but the two professors ever knew. Then the office door suddenly flew

open, and out came the German professor like a thunderbolt. The students rushed aside; up the stairs he went, three steps at a bound; I followed to see what would happen. What a scene! The old man was in a rage. He threw off his shoes and banged them into a corner; he threw coat and vest and hat all over the room, and, without taking time to unbutton his shirt, he seized it at the collar band, ripped it up the back, and sent it whirling like a flag of truce across the bed. I got out and hastened down stairs to warn those below to clear the track for what was coming. In a few minutes he appeared clad in his old duds, and, with a jabber nobody could understand, and gesticulations which sent terror to the hearts of the timid ones, he rushed down the street and disappeared from view forever. Professor Zuck was convulsed with laughter, the boys were hilarious, the girls clapped their hands and hallooed, "Good-bye!"—"Good, good!"

HOW HE WENT

"We're glad he's gone," was the universal acclaim of the students.

The first period of the afternoon was broken, but the school settled down to business, and the chair of German was for the time declared vacant.

UNDER THE SCOURGE

THE coming of the Christmas holidays sent many of the students to their homes — nearly all, however, with the determination to return. For some weeks previous, what was thought to be chicken-pox prevailed as an epidemic in the town. The unusual violence of the disease awakened a suspicion that it might be smallpox in mild form. The first case occurred next door to the school. The little convalescent, peering from the window with flushed and pitted face as we passed, excited some fear at first; but with her recovery little more was thought of the trouble. During Christmas week the disease assumed a more violent form, and the community suddenly realized that they had a genuine epidemic of smallpox on hand. The report did not reach many of the students at their homes, and, as the New Year dawned and the date of the opening of the winter term approached, they came trooping in. On the

way some may have caught the words, as I did, on the train,—"Smallpox at Huntingdon"—and heard the extravagant stories of death and quarantine. If any one yielded to the impulse to turn back we did not learn of it, but to those of us bearing responsibility for their care it was a time for courage and trust. The sensations natural to one set down in a town upon which a blighting pestilence had settled can be better imagined than described. It was not strange to see passengers for east and west hurrying along with nervous and fidgety glances as if expecting to see the ominous red sign placarded on every door, or feel the stern hand of a quarantine officer upon them.

A friend awaited my arrival, and by the shortest route we reached the school. On the way the truth was known. The conditions were not so bad as rumor had made them, but the situation was serious enough. Each new arrival increased the concern and anxiety of the faculty. Strict orders as to diet prevailed and disinfectants were freely distributed. The odor of carbolic acid was everywhere. "The Club" issued orders for

molasses and sulphur in combination and served it three times a day in liberal doses.

In hope of abatement of the scourge, the school started and, for a week, kept up a rather disconcerted order of exercises. One red sign after another appeared,—above, below, beyond,—and a spirit of unrest was painfully manifest; but when the wife of one of the students suddenly developed symptoms of the disease and died, consternation fell upon the whole student body and it was found no longer wise to attempt to continue.

It was a time of deep gloom. Mrs. Kendig was sadly borne away at midnight to the cemetery on the hill, followed by her husband and a few courageous friends. Then a quarantine was set upon the blighted home, and the grief-stricken father and his motherless babe were held prisoners under our eyes. Monday morning dawned damp and chilly. The gloom without was not greater than the gloom within. The remnant of the school gathered in chapel at an early hour. It was a sad assembly. Before us lay the possible abandonment

of the school enterprise. To each was apparent the personal danger of contracting the disease and carrying it to his home. The trustful spirit of the parting addresses laid the foundation of future revival, and when the students dispersed it was with assurances that when the danger was passed they would return to renew their labors and build again their shattered hopes.

THE REFUGEES

AFTER all whose homes were within convenient distance had departed, there yet remained a few boys and girls from distant states who were undecided in their purposes. To go home meant, probably, never to return. Their loyalty and courage kept the spark of hope alive and did much to settle plans for the future. The girls found homes with private families and determined to take chances. The boys did not know what to do.

Late in the evening a melancholy group, with Professor Zuck as a center, sat in the little recitation-room close by the register of the base-burning stove below. No one was in a hurry to get a light, for the darkness and gloom suited the mood of our minds. Professor Zuck resolved to stand by the boys, and I resolved to stand by him. There was a quick rap on the door and Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh walked in.

His breezy spirit instantly revived us. When one of the boys brought in the lamp there might have been seen a noticeable change of expression from that which we wore when darkness closed around us and our countenances faded from view. We even began to joke and to put on, at least, a show of merriment. One plan after another was proposed. The boys thought of going out among the farmers, but the farmers were strictly boycotting the town and it was not likely that even a dog from Huntingdon would be welcomed in their midst. More in jest than in earnest some one said, "Boys, let's go to the mountains!" "There!" said Professor Brumbaugh, "that just suggests something." Then he told us of a place far out in a deep mountain gorge—"The Forge"—where there were several old houses in fair condition, one of them lately occupied by wood-choppers.

His description of the place and the picturesque surroundings excited our imagination, and right there we resolved to investigate its merits. Ben was appointed "to spy out the land" and the Professor

ABBOTT'S RUN
A bit of rugged country

volunteered to be his guide and escort. The next morning they took the train for Marklesburg, where they procured horses and rode across the country, a distance of five miles, into the heart of the mountains. Late the same evening they returned. Ben was bubbling over with enthusiasm for the place. Its wild ruggedness appealed to his nature-loving soul and his arguments were irresistible. Then there was a bustle to get ready. We decided to have Professor Zuck go to his home. The three boys were to start next morning. I was to follow later in the week, after seeing Professor Zuck off.

On my return from the Christmas vacation, my mother, out of sympathy for our spare living in the "Club," had packed a box with sausage, meats, fruits and delicacies. Its size and weight barely admitted it to the class of baggage. Its contents were practically undisturbed to that date, and I turned it in as my first contribution to the commissary department of the expedition. Then the boys discussed their skill as cooks and an estimate was made of the

quantities of corn meal, hominy and oat-flake that would be needed. They were told that there was a mill a few miles down the river, but the nearest store was five miles away. Where they would get milk for the oat-flake was not thought of.

Standing on the platform of the depot next morning, might have been seen the same three boys, with bundles of bedding and boxes of books and provisions, suggesting a camp of Hungarians on their way to a contract. They waved me a good-bye from the rear platform of the car and bore away my promise to join them at an early date. A day or two later, remembering their cheerfulness and touched by the novelty of living in the woods, I wrote them, according to promise, to meet me on a certain day and train. I put the card in the office and, returning, came up the back streets. Here were smallpox signs so thick that I felt a sense of horror that was unknown before, and when I reported my experience to Professor Zuck his arguments were effective in convincing me that I had better go

home when he did. I went back and took my card from the office and wrote the boys fully, as if thus to console them in their disappointment and condone my apparent loss of courage.

AN ENFORCED VACATION

LATE in the week Professor Zuck and I took a rather sorrowful leave of our friends at Huntingdon and set our faces homeward. It seemed the only thing to do, but we suffered more keenly in going than to have settled down and taken the risks of remaining in the town. My own experiences on reaching home were somewhat amusing, and may serve to illustrate the seriousness with which our friends regarded the situation.

When I reached our county town I lithely stepped into the office of a friend—a physician—not realizing how suspiciously I might be regarded as coming from an infected center. I evidently felt at ease in being at a safe distance from the source of danger. But the doctor, as I might have

readily understood, did not think the same way. I imagined he was a little shy, and somehow constantly kept the stove between us, as we spread our palms about its cheerful glow. I talked of wind and weather, but he quickly turned the conversation to smallpox. "You are just from Huntingdon," he remarked. "They say hundreds of people are down with the disease out there and scores are dying!" I assured him that there was a great deal of fiction in the current newspaper reports, but my presence as a "refugee" was ample proof of a most serious condition. It was night. I expressed a desire to reach my home, seven miles distant in the country. "I will give you my horse," said the doctor with notable promptness and cheerfulness. He gave the bell a few vigorous pulls and in an incredibly short time the horse was prancing at the door. I mounted, and paced out of town at a lively gait. I congratulated myself upon my good fortune, and felt extremely grateful for the favor which saved me a long, lonely tramp. The snow lay deep and glistening in the moon-

light. The air was crisp, but not excessively cold. The world about and above was charming in its stillness. Every star seemed to be on duty and the moonbeams cut in sharpest outline the shadow of every object on the earth's crystal cover. The glimmering lights here and there from the cottages and farmhouses gave the only suggestion of life to the scene.

I stopped on the top of a high hill, attracted by the deep blue shadow cast by my horse, and the beautiful light on her neck and flanks. I dismounted and by the long rein turned her round and round to study the tone and color, the light and shade for a picture, for I carried in my mind an impression of Landseer's "Challenge," which I resolved to paint during my enforced vacation. Just then the thought dawned upon me that the promptness with which this gentle and pretty creature was put at my disposal was to get me out of town as quickly as possible. I felt no less grateful to the good doctor, nor did I doubt his most generous motives, but it set me thinking about the perils to

which we may be exposed and the ease with which our unsuspecting spirits intrude upon our most affectionate friendships and turn our warmest welcomes to dread and fear. When I reached home the door was locked. The bright firelight flickered along the wall and ceiling as I looked through the window. I set out in quest of my mother and sister among the neighbors. I stepped in at the general loafing place of the village. As I entered, the whole crowd suddenly felt the need of fresh air and rushed out. I attempted to be familiar and again innocently blundered by proceeding to shake hands with old-time friends, but all the boys seemed offish and quite unnatural. One quaint fellow said, "Say, I guess we'd better shake hands with you with a stick." Then my stupid senses awakened to realize how unwelcome a visitor I was, even in my own home.

For the prescribed nine days I lived in seclusion, suffering more from the fear of developing smallpox than when I was in the midst of the scourge.

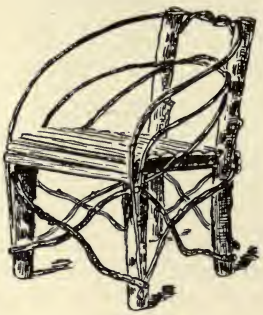
But what of the boys in the mountains?

THE ORPHANS' RETREAT

LIFE OF THE EXILES

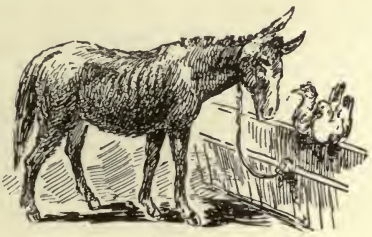
MANY years ago, in the rugged pass where Trough creek breaks through the mountains, had been built and operated a forge and sawmill. The forge was gone. The mill and several houses remained. In one of these houses the boys took up their temporary abode. An old cook-stove and a few rude bunks, left by the woodmen, somewhat facilitated the matter of furnishing. They set to work at once to make tables and

chairs. The tables were constructed of rough boards from the sawmill. The chairs were made from the boughs of sycamore trees, entwined by laurel and hickory branches, which made a rustic but artistic effect, and substantial and comfortable seats withal. Above the table was hung a pretty wreath of laurel and spruce. The walls were decorated with a looking-glass, cheap pictures and book shelves, and the whole interior was quite home-like and cozy. They lived in the upper story, probably from fear of wildcats, whose hideous cries were frequently heard across the creek and along the bluffs.



In the stable was an old mule, "Pete," and several chickens. These were looked after once a week or oftener by the proprietor of the place. "Pete" must have been glad of near neighbors, for his rack was now regularly filled with hay and the chickens shared the fare of the occupants of the house.

Fortunately, the mail-carrier passed several times a week. This made life less monotonous and kept the boys in communication with the outside world. They cut a good supply of wood, and with the old mule and a dilapidated sled drew it to the door. When their little store ran low they started out to hunt provisions among the farmers down the river valley. Reports had preceded them and it was generally believed that they all had the smallpox. Women and children ran when they saw them coming and peeped at them through the crevices of partially open doors, or around the corners of the houses. The men warned them to keep at a safe distance and the dogs were not admonished to be friendly at all. It took some time to cultivate neighborly relations and dissipate the fear of



"PETE"

the country folk. They were able to buy bread, milk, and other necessaries more readily as time went on, and life passed more smoothly thereafter.

Regular hours of study were observed, and so, it may be said, this little upper room in the wilderness is the link that unites the broken chain in Juniata's history. In the intervals of study and work the boys explored the wild romantic region round about. For nearly two months they were thus exiled. They sent out cheerful letters containing glowing descriptions of scenery according to the powers of appreciation of the writer for nature's wildness, and drew upon the sympathies of their friends at the same time by incidents and reflections, — pitiful, if not painful.

One day they were surprised by a sledding party from town, which came with plenty of good things for the occasion and some to spare. It may be interesting to note that here came a youth betimes to spend nights with the boys. He was acquainted with all that rugged region and led them on to many an excursion up the

slippery glens and over the mountain tops. His father was owner of thousands of acres of this untamed country and many summer days he spent lumbering hereabouts. Prob-

THE UPPER ROOM IN THE WILDERNESS

ably, he here, too, caught the flavor of school life, for when the boys returned in the early spring there was one new student registered whose life from that time forward has been associated with the life of Juniata. We called him then "M. G.," but

now everybody calls him "Dr. M. G." (Brumbaugh).

Few tales of truer heroism in common life are recorded than that of these boys, hundreds of miles from home, going out before the dark hand of pestilence, choosing the solitude of the mountains for a refuge, waiting for the renewal of their work, and preserving a nucleus for the reorganization of a cause which to all the world seemed dead.

Their names must not be forgotten;* their example will forever be an inspiration, and as the place where they lived has been, so may it continue to be the Mecca of all Juniata students.

Who has not heard of the Forge? For a long time it was called "The Orphans' Retreat," because the boys were members of that noted company, "The Seven Orphans" of The Club.

*B. F. Bowser, Levi Stoner, Wm. Beery.

RAYTOWN BRANCH OF JUNIATA RIVER

THE FORGE COUNTRY

WHEN the last smallpox sign disappeared "the refugees" returned and the school was reopened. By April first all the members of the faculty were at their posts. Many of the old students came back, and a surprisingly large number of new ones were enrolled. As if to make up for lost time, the school exhibited more than usual spirit. The faculty was strengthened by the addition of one new member, whose department was Latin

and Mathematics, but whose division was Botany. He was a genuine lover of nature, and he revealed to us in this field the hidden beauties of this fruitful region. The influence of Professor Anderson is ever yet evident in the active interest of Juniata students in the study of nature in general and the study of plants in particular.

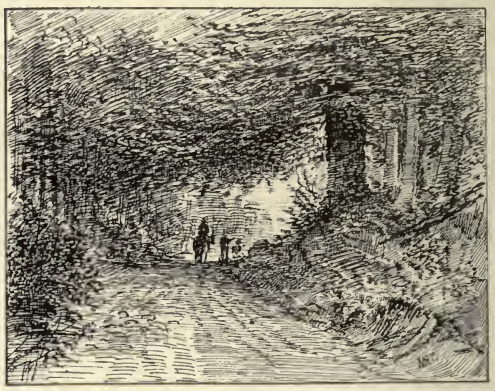
The vigorous revival of the school after such an abrupt suspension was a matter of congratulation, and it was only natural that

the boys who commanded so much of our sympathy in the interval should be heroes in our midst. We never tired of their stories of the lonely life they led in the mountains, and their descriptions of the wonderful scenery around the Forge were always listened to with keenest attention. So, as early as the weather permitted, we organized an excursion to make sketches and verify the reports of the place.

Through the kindness of friends we were permitted to ride from the little station

across the country. There were more boys than mules, however, but we quickly accommodated ourselves to the conditions, and a queer cavalcade it was that filed through the narrow passes and up the gorge that day. The way out was full of surprises. Every turn was a revelation of beauty, for we traveled not the length of the valleys, but transversely where the stream had severed the ranges of hills, leaving towering forest-clad bluffs on either side. For a short distance we skirted the Raystown branch of the Juniata river, passing one of its most picturesque points. We were shown the place where a great battle with the Indians occurred, and the cliff at whose base the remains of many Red men were, not long before, found buried. The way the boys gave vent to their emotions might have led one to believe that the departed spirits of the dead braves had returned. We crossed the great wooden bridge under the shadow of a rugged range, then over a narrow bottom-land close by several farmhouses, and plunged at once into the depth of a primitive forest. Here grew most

majestic hemlocks, whose boughs swept the roadside and arched with their dark green branches the winding way. Tall poplars and other soft woods shot up like arrows to the height of a hundred feet or more,

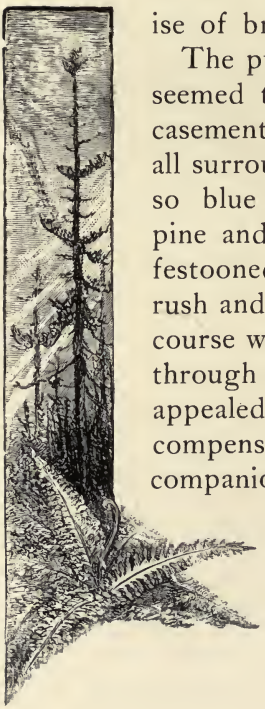


THE WAY OUT

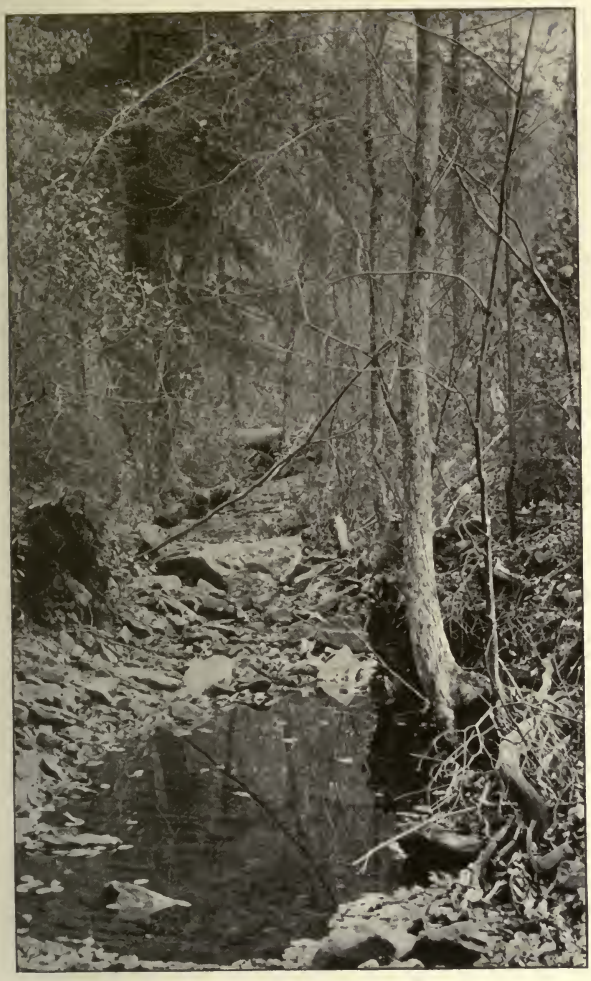
as if in their struggle for existence to reach a breathing space above. Dense tangles of laurel, rhododendron, and low shrubs completely hedged the lower side and hid from view the rushing mountain stream, except where the road swung out around some jutting cliff and was actually built up from the water's edge. We passed several vacant

lots where stood the blackened remains of some human habitation, and soon reached the historic place. The old houses were there just as described. The old sawmill, the most picturesque figure in the landscape, was still doing duty and was supplied with power from a queer log dam not far beyond. Here, in this sheltered cove, the pioneers of the great iron industry located a forge only because of the possibility of power, while the iron was brought from the furnaces some miles up the stream over roads even now almost impassable. With the decline of the enterprise the seal was set upon the place, and all that yet remained was slowly sinking into ruin and decay. We could easily appreciate the fortitude it took to quit the comforts and associations of civilized life and, in the depth of winter, here take up an abode. One might well get the impression of being buried alive, in this wild solitude. The only outlook is upward and eastward, for here the mountains, towering to a height of two thousand feet or more, shut out the view, except where the creek breaks through

and reveals "Round Top," a notable peak miles away. This peak was regarded by the boys as a sort of sacred mountain. Often capped by fog and mist, it caught the first light of the coming day and reflected the last rays of the setting sun. During their long sojourn it was an object of their daily admiration and a promise of brighter days to come.



The pure blue of the sky—for one seemed to be looking from the deep casement of a window which shut off all surrounding objects—never seemed so blue before. The rich green of pine and hemlock that crowned and festooned hill and peak, and the merry rush and gurgle of the stream, whose course was one succession of cascades through the entire length of the gorge, appealed to nature-loving souls and compensated for the loss of human companionship. I could now understand why such cheerful messages floated out from this romantic retreat when the boys were exiled here.



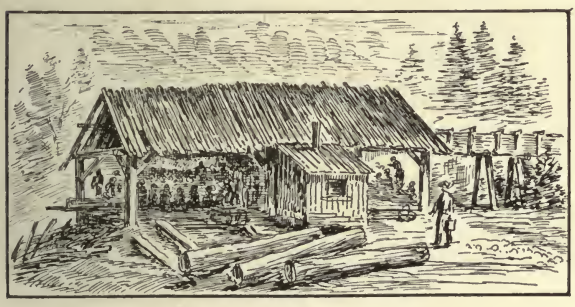
LAUREL RUN

Where speckled trout flit like sunbeams in the crystal pools

To have us appreciate all the charms of the place our guide, one of the same boys, led us across the creek by the most uncertain footing. The current was swift and strong. The rocks were slippery and treacherous, but we bravely waded through when a misstep might have cost a life. At the foot of the highest peak we were shown the cave where ice is found in midsummer and from which a cool current of air constantly flows. The lichens and liverworts clung to the rocks in rich profusion, and, had we known it, a genuine arctic flora might have been found. A quick run up the stream brought us to "Wild Cat" or "Abbott's Run," a rocky cañon almost terrifying in its wildness. We followed "Laurel Run," where speckled trout flitted like sunbeams in the crystal pools, and returning crossed a spur of the ridge and entered a little cove, called "The Kettle," from its peculiar shape as seen from the cliff beyond the creek. This had once been the favorite haunt of deer, and, even at this time they occasionally wandered hither, as the marks of the huntsmen indi-

cated. A rude ladder proved the treachery of man. Concealed amid the branches, he awaited his victim, which he had trained to come for the precious dole of salt hid snugly in holes bored in the base of a neighboring tree. "Shame, shame," we said, as we hurried away.

The report we brought back only intensified the interest in the place, and later an excursion was organized by students of the school for our first picnic at "The Forge." We spread our lunch for seventy that day at the old sawmill. Since that time many a pleasant outing has been held there, and few Juniata students feel their experience complete until they have seen



the much-talked-of spot. To go once is but to desire the more to go again. In later years we usually charter a train and go twelve miles south to the little station of Marklesburg. The remainder of the journey, five miles, is made in farm wagons. The novelty of the mode of travel and the grandeur of the scenery animate the crowd; and no days in all the history of life at Juniata bear more pleasant memories, or return health and cheerful spirit in larger measure, than these vacation days in the heart of the mountains.

RETURNING FROM THE FORGE

BEGINNING LIFE ON THE HILL

THE dormant state of the educational enterprise, like the rest period in a good seed, only insured a more vigorous growth when conditions were once more favorable.

The encouraging revival of the school gave a great impetus to the building project. Public-spirited citizens of the town generously donated a full square of ground in West Huntingdon. The contract for "Founders' Hall" was let and the work of construction was pushed rapidly forward. The building was not ready for occupancy until April, 1879, when we took possession, broke home ties with old associations and came to breathe purer air and command a brighter outlook from the hill. When the

first pick was struck for the foundation of this structure, in the whole area of the campus to be, stood one lone stunted walnut tree. The soil was so thin that not a spear of sward-grass grew therein. Insignificant mosses, lichens, and such plants as endure severe drought, gave a tinge of tawny green to the hilltop. When school opened in the new quarters, we were practically in the middle of a plowed field. Fences were not yet built nor walks laid out, and not a tree had been set.

FOUNDERS HALL

The students took a deep interest in improving the surroundings. Many planted trees at their own expense and during the weeks of the term carried water to insure their growth. The "Bucket Brigade" did good service in these days, and the barren

hill began to give promise of the delightful verdure that has crowned it in later years.

Some one donated a few little red-maple trees after it was apparently too late to be worth the time required to plant them. One hot afternoon I set these with my own hands in front of the tower and main building, and to my surprise every one of them grew. I have always felt a deep interest in this row of trees, as indicating what may be accomplished by care and patient training when conditions are unfavorable and the developing process has been long delayed. How like these trees are many of the noble girls and boys who have walked beneath their grateful shade!

As an extra touch in the beautification of the landscape, one of the boys rigged up a fountain and supplied it with waste water from the pump. He built a rustic fence around the pool, and gave a great frog full possession of the place. For a time, *rana* seemed quite contented, but one night he hopped out and disappeared. Some of the fellows suggested that he

should have stayed to grow up with the institution. During those early days the temptation may have come to others besides the frog to forsake the narrow confines of an infant institution for a wider field.

One evening in our rambles through the woods we found a pretty little elm tree. We carried it home and planted it beside the frog pond. It took kindly to its new environments and flourished long after the fountain had ceased to flow. It now stands an object of tender affection opposite the corridor between Ladies' and Oneida Halls.

COLLEGE CHAPEL

EVENTFUL DAYS

WE moved into the new building, pressing hard upon the carpenters, plasterers and painters. To help matters along, some of us who knew the use of tools quit the class-room some weeks before the moving day and turned carpenters to help complete the work on time. The transition from the crowded quarters below to the apparently spacious building towering above the town was keenly appreciated. Student life lost some of its freedom, but gained through conformity to sterner rules and severer regulations. The

whole school community fell into a natural family life, and the foundation of success was laid in a genuine affection for the institution and respect for the administration.

The dedication was the first notable public event in our new home. The capacity of the chapel was measured that day. On the rostrum sat distinguished visitors and ministers of the town. It was an inspiring occasion to founders, friends, and students. The addresses were broadly educational, specifically historical, and deeply prophetic.

Closely following the dedicatory exercises came the celebration of the third anniversary of the founding of the school. A special program was rendered, and enough interest was found even then in the few years of the life of the institution to justify some striking historical references and inspire eloquence in the orators of the occasion. Professor Zuck spoke with fervor and confidence. To him these three years had been full of trial and peculiar difficulty, and now, as he laid down the burden of a personal responsibility, to offer himself a servant of those who were charged with the duty of

administering, to the praise of God and the welfare of the world, a work so well begun, he seemed to have a presentiment of the end. In talking to me one day about the past and future of the educational movement, he remarked, "After all, probably the most satisfactory part of any work is its beginning." He frequently gave me hints that he regarded himself as a sort of "John the Baptist"—only preparing the way. Knowing him as intimately as I did, every remark was significant. I knew his sufferings as no one else knew them. To the world he was brave and courageous, but when alone he could not suppress the agony he endured and his struggles with his own emotions were often painful to witness. To me it was no mystery that his hopes had not a wide horizon. The future seemed to be cut off by a shadowy veil that hung oppressively near him. To see his work firmly established, the school in its new home, was the limit of the first stage of his ambition, and he rested his spirit and awaited the coming of the inner light.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

WHEN we came to occupy the new building, notwithstanding the precaution taken to dry the plastering, there was much dampness in the walls. There was no general heating system. Large stoves stood in the ends of the halls, but these did not thoroughly warm the rooms.

We insisted that Professor Zuck have a stove in his own apartment. He resolutely declined all extra attention on the ground that he would not have what the rest of us had not. We thought his feeble state of health demanded special care, and all were anxious to contribute to his comfort. I was no longer his "chum," but had gone to live in No. 24 on the hall above, so I was not conscious of his rapid decline. I saw him on the campus for the last time, painfully picking his way over the yet uneven surface. He was suffering from the injury to his hip, received in childhood,

which now appeared to be affecting his spine. We attributed this almost complete break-down to the extra stairs we were compelled to climb in our new quarters; but our worst fears were realized when he contracted a severe cold, which quickly developed into pneumonia. For greater quiet and better care we tenderly carried him to the home of J. B. Brumbaugh, a few squares away. Anxiety now grew intense. For a few days he lingered in a hopeful state. Saturday night I watched by his bedside; he rested well but was somewhat wakeful. I must have slumbered more than I knew, for he twitted me in the morning on the sound sleep I had seemed to enjoy. To some one he jocosely remarked, referring to me, "He was a good boy and did not make me any trouble all night." His cheerfulness flattered our hopes, and I left him to take charge of the Sunday school. I gave an encouraging report to all who pressed me for an opinion. Before the conclusion of our class exercises, however, I was sent for. He was perspiring most profusely and

wanted me to sponge him and change his flannels. I only then realized how exceedingly weak he was. Withal he insisted that as many as possible go to church. As soon as services were concluded we hastened to his bedside. His condition was now alarming. The physicians exerted every energy and exhausted every art to carry him over the crisis. We all realized now that we were face to face with death. I sat holding his hand, when I noticed the unmistakable signs of dissolution; and quickly, almost stealthily, his spirit took its flight. He faded away like a passing shadow chased by the sunbeams of a brighter glory, and a dark pall of sorrow settled upon the school, the community, and the outside world, so far as his name and work was known.

Jacob M. Zuck began life October 27, 1846, and closed his earthly career Sunday, May 10, 1879. It is hard to imagine a greater calamity to any cause than the loss of its dominant spirit, yet from the ashes of such leaders have grown works greater than they ever planned or their fancy pic-

tured. Of some men it may be said, they accomplish more in their death than in their life, for they have given impulse to movements which the world will augment by force of love for the leader.

THE PLACE OF MANY BAPTISMS

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AND AFTER

THE body of the lamented Professor was brought back to rest for a day amid the scenes that he loved. His aged father and mother, the only near relatives present, mingled their tears with the throng who looked upon his pale face in the chapel for the last time before we carried him to the city of the dead on the hill above the town.

In the memorial service fitting tribute was paid to his unassuming Christian character and sterling worth as teacher and man; but the work he founded was destined to be his monument, and the tone of the addresses was that of hope rather than despair. As a text for the occasion, Elder James Quinter used the words, "The Lord will prepare a sacrifice." He said, "Some one will take up this work where Professor Zuck laid it down. The seed

sown in faith and watered with tears cannot fail of the harvest."

In the beautiful twilight of the day on which we laid Professor Zuck away we gathered on the river bank to witness a baptismal scene. As we walked homeward my mother, who was then on a visit to us, said: "That boy (referring to a particular one of four) may some day fill Professor Zuck's place." The prophecy may have had little significance, but to the day of her death, fourteen years later, she clung to the presentiment, passing away only a short while before the same boy, M. G. Brumbaugh, was elected president of the institution.

A special memorial service was held (June 12) under the auspices of the Eclectic Literary Society. At that meeting, Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh delivered an address appropriately setting forth the influence of the life of the man. He indulged some fancies on the future of the school, and among other things said: "The time will come when the influence of this school movement will be felt from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf."

Some of us thought these utterances rather extravagant and felt that such a prophecy concerning so small an institution was almost ridiculous. Right here I am forced to a confession. I happened to be in the editor's sanctum as he was preparing the copy of the address for the press. We concluded that the closing sentence, as quoted above, would be an injury to the cause at the time, and with sincere modesty we cut it out, not consulting the author. Later the office was accused of butchering manuscript. I kept "mum," and felt guilty time and again when the matter was referred to. At this late date, I beg pardon of my good friend, the Doctor, and rejoice that his prophecy has been so abundantly fulfilled in the long line of Juniata's sons and daughters scattered throughout the length and breadth of our own fair land, upon India's sands, and the islands of the sea.

Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh became principal, and the first class in the normal English

course was graduated July 10, 1879. During these sad and eventful days a deep seriousness of manner pervaded the school and a loyalty was evinced that was truly noble in the young men and women gathered here. Some of the boys will remember the little prayer meetings held down in the meadow under the great elm trees after the retiring bell had rung and the moon and the stars were silent witnesses of their assemblies. In expression of esteem a popular subscription was taken up by the students for the purchase of a portrait of Professor Zuck. This picture has long hung on the parlor walls.

THE FIRST CLASS*
(Normal Department)

What Professor Zuck may have accom-

*Misses Phebe R. Norris, Linnie Bosserman and Mr. Gaius M. Brumbaugh.

plished had life and strength been spared no one can foresee. But to take up the thread of his thought and develop the enterprise which he had merely begun was no small task.

However varied may have been the schemes of administration or uncertain at times the outcome appeared, there was a trust and reverence which always looked to the source of all wisdom for guidance, and laid the cause continually upon the altar.

UNDER THE ELM

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR ZUCK

THE following extracts and notes of the address delivered on the third anniversary of the founding of the school were found among the papers of Professor Zuck after his death. The address was mainly extemporaneous and the topics for discussion as herein noted may be suggestive of his thought on the occasion.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of Education, and Patrons of the Huntingdon Normal:

Could I take you back to the centennial year and show you the Huntingdon Normal School as it existed, or rather came into existence, three years ago this April morning, you would certainly pardon me for saying that we, who have been laboring for the last three years to place this school on a permanent basis, have much to encourage us as we meet here this afternoon to dedicate this new chapel and building to the glorious cause of general education, and espe-

cially to the better education of the young people of our own religious association. Those of you who know my connection with the school and what that connection has been from the first day until the present, in sunshine and shadow, through evil as well as good report,— those, I say, who know this, and know also what a conflict there has been at times between hope and fear — will not think it strange that it should afford me no small degree of pleasure and satisfaction to welcome, in behalf of the school, the large and intelligent audience assembled on this occasion, and to congratulate the friends of the cause upon the many unmistakable evidences of the success that has, under the blessings of Providence, attended our humble efforts in the educational field. In view of our small beginning and past history it were more or less than human for us not to boast ourselves a little on an occasion like this, yet we would do it with becoming modesty, and even with godly fear and trembling, lest in our foolish, erring way we should honor the created more than the Creator.

I have said that we see, or at least think we see, much to encourage every friend of the Brethren's Normal. Three years ago this morning the school was called to order in a little 12 x 16 room in the *Pilgrim* building, corner of 14th

and Washington streets, then the property of Messrs. H. B. and J. B. Brumbaugh, at whose invitation, in connection with that of Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh, who secured the first pupils and donated some equipments, I came here to start a school, hoping to open with at least fifteen or twenty pupils. Some of you need not be told that this reasonable expectation was not gratified.

In those days we always avoided telling curious people how many students we had, but we have grown more communicative and now do not care to tell our friends in a confidential way that although the school was not large, it contained on the very first day at least one more student than anybody could count on his thumbs unless he should count one thumb twice. But we have something better to tell you, and something that cannot be said of all schools,—the school never got smaller than it was on the first day—not at least until the smallpox panic, and that wasn't our fault. When the scabby foe invaded this community a little over a year ago our school was entirely broken up, and it was predicted by some that we would never revive, and the best that others could say for us was that if the school could survive such a shock it would no doubt live to a good old age. My thought in the matter was that if this is to be the test then the school will live. I had

too much faith in the cause, and too much confidence in the loyalty of our Normal boys and girls, to think that anything short of a general slaughter of about all of us could kill the enterprise. In the *Globe* of January 30, 1878, our friend Tyhurst, after paying his last tribute of respect to the glass-works, asked in a semi-comic, doleful way, "And now where is the Normal School?" I was then down in Franklin county, an invalid unable to walk without two crutches and then only at the expense of severe pain, but I am glad to feel to-day that I had too much spunk to permit friend Tyhurst to bury the Normal in the same untimely grave into which he consigned the other enterprise alluded to, and I gave him a bit of information in this style : . . .

What was said is not a matter of record, and the memory of no one is sufficiently clear to reproduce it.

I am pleased to state that it was only about three weeks after the above appeared in print until we were able to fulfil our promise and show the citizens of Huntingdon that the Normal was not dead, and did not mean to die. Our Ohio boys returned from their hiding-place in the mountains, and several of the brave boys and

girls returned from their homes, and Professor Brumbaugh and Miss Weakley reorganized the school on the 20th or 25th of February, and by the opening of the Spring session forty-seven students were ready to report the first week—before the term closed seventy less one had been enrolled. With the exception of this break in our work, the school has been steadily growing ever since its small, discouraging beginning. To demonstrate this more clearly, permit me to give you some facts and figures showing the attendance during successive corresponding terms, beginning with the Fall terms.

	1st yr.	2d yr.	3d yr.	4th yr.
Fall term	15	57	60	....
Winter term	32	Smallpox	55	....
Spring term	13	45	69	102
Teachers' term	6	36	23	....

Whole number of different students at end of first year, 29; second year, 117; third year, 214; up to date, 265.

Only one absolute expulsion during the three years.

Financial Statement

	Income	Expenses	Loss	Gain
First term	$53 95	$81 80	$27 85	.....
Second term	25 00	22 66	.....	$2 34
Third term	65 94	43 28	.....	22 66
Fourth term	100 90	49 15	.....	51 75

Teachers

First year ..... Alone.
Spring of '77.....Miss Weakley and pupil assistant.
Teachers' term of '77..Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh.
Fall term of '77 .....Profs. D. Emmert and J. C. Ewing.
Spring term of '78.....Professor Anderson.
Last term.....Prof. D. C. Flory and Wm. Beery.
This term .....Professors Saylor and Cotton.

Faculty at present consists of eight instructors, exclusive of our new instrumental music teacher.

We remained in the *Pilgrim* building about a year, owing to the liberality of Bro. H. B. Brumbaugh, and as the rooms were given free of rent, or nearly so, we would have remained longer had not the accommodations proved utterly inadequate to meet the demands of the growing school. "We are too thick to thrive," said the students; and when the next new student came I told her that we were full—we were chuck full—and that she would have to wait until we could secure other quarters. I spoke of renting the Huntingdon Academy, a fine new building, which I was informed would be placed at my disposal if I wished it. The brethren, however, objected, on the ground that it would take the students too far down town. I yielded to their views, and then the only remaining expedient seemed to be to rent a large brick dwelling house (the

Burchinell Building), which stands about a square from the printing office, and which then happened to be unoccupied and for rent. In this building our school has been quartered since February, 1877. By cramping, crowding, and economizing space it will accommodate about sixty students, but not as they ought to be accommodated. Had we more room the students could be made more comfortable, we could teach larger classes, and everybody could feel better and do better work. Moreover, the building has already been filled almost to its utmost capacity, as last summer we enrolled about forty-five, and in the fall fifty-seven; and what we were to do with all who spoke of coming this next spring was a problem that I had not yet fully ciphered out, unless we could fasten some of them on hooks, hang them out of the windows, or perch them, like so many turtle-doves or tame pigeons, on the roof. I was still figuring away on this problem when the smallpox broke out in town and we were compelled to suspend school. . . . I am confident that our present building would have been entirely too small for our school next term, had nothing come in the way, and I'm not sure but that it will be too small anyhow.

Following the above detailed statements in the manuscript are numerous notes and memoranda from which Professor Zuck expanded his extemporaneous address, viz.:

Allude to students going and coming (smallpox) and to Mrs. Kendig's death.

Allude to the bravery of the fifty who returned so soon after the smallpox scare. Can any other school exhibit a prouder record? Spirit of teachers and pupils. Persevering efforts of Trustees. Design of the school. Aid from the town. Expression of thanks. Board of Trade. Liberal patronage and friendly press.

Christian character of the school — healthy moral tone and spirit of labor — good feeling of the people of the town. Speak in behalf of Trustees. Who?

Allude to help afforded a few weeks ago (refers to moving in which the students took an active part). How much superior to the spirit manifested in some richly endowed schools and colleges.

When were the dark days and *why?* J. B. B. "Well, Jacob, if there is no hope at all I guess we must stop." Stop! No! We commenced this job as an experiment, and we must allow it time to be a fair test. What was told me — two

or three years before any school of any consequence could be collected. Even so. But what are a few years. How friends and teachers looked at it. What one of my brothers said, "Don't invest anything." Only had a few hundred dollars, a few brains and an average amount of patience. No hope but a fair share of faith — faith and not sight the lamp by which I walked.

Early history — our janitor, errand boy, hireling and oxteam (?). Know the ropes.

SOME GOOD WORK

THE Sunday school transplanted from the little Chapel in the building where the school started began a vigorous growth on the hill. The students were active and earnest in all good work. A particularly destitute family was one day reported, and a few of their needs were suggested. The girls were eager to make clothing, and a committee of boys was sent to take necessary measurements of the children. The result was a fine lot of new clothing, which we were pained to see hopelessly ruined within a week. An Aid Society was organized which for several years did much valuable service in house to house visitation.

The attic of the college building was strung with old clothing which the students were glad to donate, and during the winter season it was generously distributed. These zealous missionaries gathered in

many painfully destitute and neglected children. It was no uncommon sight before the opening service to see in the boiler-room a company undergoing a thorough cleansing of hands and faces, and in the summer time, of feet as well. Some of the same children came daily to the college kitchen door for fragments of food from the table. The system seemed to develop a tendency to dependence, if not of genuine pauperism, so there came a proposition to establish a "Home" for the care of the most needy ones. All sorts of schemes were in mind, even to getting possession of several abandoned houses below the hill and moving them to one corner of the campus. The formal step to effect an organization was taken at a mid-week prayer-meeting. At this meeting it was stated that there were "twenty cents" in hand and a promise of twenty-

five dollars towards the work. A collection was taken up and a committee appointed to secure a house.

The people of the town heard of the movement and came, voluntarily, to offer help, and thus "The Home for Orphan and Friendless Children," which stands across the street at the rear of the college grounds, came into existence, and for twenty years has fulfilled its mission to the comfort and joy of hundreds of poor children.

THE PRESENT HOME

Shall I tell how we found the first matron for the Home? Well, she was a Juniata student. One day as I dismissed a particular class she lingered to tell me how hard the struggle was to prepare for a mission field, toward which she was looking, in South America. I encouraged her all I could and kept in mind her noble purpose. One day, as the movement to

establish "The Home" was taking shape, I remembered her words and ventured to ask her if she would not like to be a "missionary" at home. I explained the plan, and she cheerfully accepted. Thus, under the most trying circumstances through the early stages of the development of the institution, Miss Carrie Miller cared for the children until Professor Swigart, perceiving her good qualities, persuaded her to change her name and undertake the management of another home. Miss Miller was succeeded as matron by Miss Howe, who afterwards graduated in the school and for a number of years was a member of the faculty. Mrs. Ressler, the helper of both, also at one time cook in the college, became matron and rounded out a continuous service of seventeen years. These facts are significant as showing the attitude of the students, teachers and friends of the college toward practical works of benevolence and may serve to emphasize the duty of young people to be helpful to those who are in need, even while they seek to broaden their own intellectual outlook.

FOUNDERS' AND LADIES' HALLS

ENLARGING THE BORDERS

THE regular routine of work was followed, each year adding a little to the reputation and patronage of the school until 1890, when a large addition was erected and Ladies' Hall increased the accommodations and made necessary other desirable improvements.

The Business department found a home on the upper floor of this building and the Bible work was provided with a special room in the second story, while the office was moved over to No. 89 on the same

hall. A large room was set apart for the parlor and neatly furnished by the students. This much-appreciated luxury brought with it some problems in privileges — by whom to be used, when, how long, how often, where to get permission, how to keep the other fellows out, etc. Then a new approach to the buildings was required, and the diagonal—that notable diagonal walk—was laid out and consecrated to the use of the ladies and the outside world.

Another era of growth was entered upon. Students came beyond the limit of accommodations. Everything was full even to the last room in the top of the tower. A new president, a new name, and another new building came in quick succession. The old charter was amended. The name "Brethren's Normal College" was set aside for the one all love better, "Juniata." The regular college course was definitely organized, and while the Normal English course was regarded as essential to the general aim of the school, the way was opened for development along lines of higher learning.

Students' Hall arose an object of beauty

in the northwest area of the campus, providing homes for twenty-five boys, six large class-rooms, the library, reading-room, and laboratories. While all this was going on outside, there was trouble within. The dining-room was becoming more and more

STUDENTS' HALL

crowded; even the opening of an annex—the old storeroom—did not relieve the congestion. The heating plant was entirely reconstructed. Two big boilers were placed for the whole system and the great stack lifted its head above the ridge line of Ladies' Hall and belched out dark volumes of smoke in a truly business-like way.

The foundation of Oneida Hall was laid late in the fall of 1897, and was under roof just as winter broke in good earnest at Christmas time. Pleasant rooms for ladies occupy the two upper floors of the building,

ONEIDA HALL

while the whole of the first story is taken up by the dining-room. The methods of cooking were revolutionized and a steam system was installed in the basement, where also are storerooms, laundry, and the dining-room of the helpers.

Moving day came in the middle of the

middle week of the Spring term of 1898, and a jolly crowd it was that sat down together at the first meal in the light and beautiful hall. It was like coming from a dark cave into the open light of day. The exuberance of spirits in the students could

DINING HALL

well be excused for the balance of the term. The contrast between 1224 Washington street and this delightful home and bountiful fare few can measure or fully appreciate. A striking fact about the material development of this college is that every step was taken under the most pressing demands to supply some particular need. Faith was

no small element in the whole movement, for foundations were laid, time and again, without a dollar toward the completion of the superstructures.

Another most remarkable matter is that the original scheme of building was entirely departed from and each addition was erected upon its own specific plans; yet the whole forms a more complete and satisfactory arrangement than could have been foreseen or even hoped for upon the limited area of the original campus. Surely there was hid in a shadow a guiding hand.

THE FIRST EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENTS

THAT was a forlorn hope which Professor Zuck led against the stronghold of a long-established prejudice, when, with the little band of three students, he started a movement which, in twenty years, revolutionized the educational sentiment of the people for whom he labored.

For a hundred and fifty years the face of the church was set against "worldly wisdom," until the hard lines seemed almost hopelessly fixed. The development of this feeling had a logical basis, and may serve as an illustration of the effect of tendencies long uninterrupted. The founders of the Brethren (or Tunker) church in Germany, or at least the society from which they sprang, were among the most learned and morally representative men in Europe. Persecuted by ecclesiasticism, driven to America, they brought with them the spirit of progress, and at Germantown, Pa., planted

a community that represented the highest literary accomplishments of the colonies at that time.

Here under the hand of that scholar and genius — Christopher Sower — and his immediate successor, the first Bible, in a European tongue, was published in America. Here two-thirds of all the German books published in Pennsylvania for the period were printed, and from the same press, through religious journals, some of the best thought of the time went forth. Here also was organized the first Sunday school in the world — forty years before Robert Raikes. In this school were used the cards with Scripture texts which later came into universal use. (A complete set of these cards is the possession of Juniata Library.)

Persecution did not wholly cease upon their leaving Germany. In this country the clash of ideas went on in milder form. The little band now increased by many of the common people to whom they believed the gospel was especially sent, and, holding the educated clergy of the time in large measure responsible for their sufferings,

sought the solitude of the forest, and hewed out their homes and tilled the soil in ignorance of the world's turmoil.

As the great tide of emigration swept across the continent, these plain people, still cherishing their sentiments against an educated ministry, moved out into the broad fertile valleys of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio. Their honesty, industry and frugality were a part of their creed. They interpreted the Scriptures in a very literal way, and won the respect of the communities in general by consistency with their profession. Bright intellects here and there appeared amongst them, and frequent agitations of educational movements occurred, but were quickly stifled, for the agricultural occupation of the people made no strong educational demands upon them.

The society did not increase in its legitimate ratio. The children of later years, hungering for educational advantages and aspiring to a more intellectual life, sought these advantages where they could be found. And thus it has come to pass that some of the powers of other religious societies were

the gift of this, for the premium of training only. Others entered upon business and professional pursuits, and settling in towns and cities, which the body of this people studiously avoided as endangering their simple habits and traditions, made other alliances. So at the present day it is no uncommon thing to find in certain centers of population the most representative people who point back, and that with evident satisfaction, over the space of a few generations to their "Tunker" ancestors. They can never quite outlive the healthy regard they were schooled to have for this plain, honest, but comparatively unlettered people.

This loss to the church of its most promising youth became so marked in the last fifty years that most serious consideration was given to the subject by the most intelligent minds of the fraternity. A number of movements were started, which promised fair for a time, but from one cause or another failed. The first successful effort to establish an educational institution amongst this people is the one whose history I have attempted here to record.

Following the founding of the school at Huntingdon, came a movement on a larger scale at Ashland, Ohio, which made a fair start with excellent equipment, but failed from causes hard to explain. Later came Mt. Morris College, Mt. Morris, Ill.; Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va.; McPherson College, McPherson, Kan.; Lordsburg, Cal.; North Manchester, Ind.; Plattsburg, Mo.; Daleville, Va.; Union Bridge, Md., and Elizabethtown, Pa.

All of these institutions, which have progressed beyond the experimental stage, have proven successful. Many of the graduates rank high in scholarly attainments, and some have won distinguished recognition.

THE MEN WHO MADE "JUNIATA"

ELDER H. B. BRUMBAUGH

IN estimating the influences which have counted for the success of Juniata College, so far as present attainments may be called successful, liberal credit must be given a few men whose thought conceived and whose energy brought about the test of this educational enterprise. To go back to the very beginning of the movement which culminated in the establishment of the institution, it becomes necessary to note some significant facts which I have been permitted to glean from the diaries of Elder H. B. Brumbaugh. As early as 1870,

H. B. and J. B. Brumbaugh began the publication of a weekly religious paper, *The Pilgrim*, at Marklesburg, Huntingdon county, Pa. H. R. Holsinger, some years previously, established a similar publication, *The Christian Family Companion*, at Tyrone, Blair county, Pa. Both of these papers were advocates of higher education for the fraternity (the Brethren or Dunkers) which they represented. March 4, 1871, a conference was held at Marklesburg between the publishers of the two papers, and the propriety of establishing a school was discussed. A second meeting was held October 19 of the same year, at which were present, besides the publishers referred to, Elders George Hanawalt, John Spanogle and several others. Business so far progressed

ELDER J. B. BRUMBAUGH

at this meeting that a number of locations were suggested: Berlin, Somerset county, McVeytown, Mifflin county, Martinsburg and Tyrone, Blair county. The editors of the *Pilgrim* were so deeply interested in educational matters that they began at once to seek a location suitable both for the publishing interests and for a school. To this end they visited Mt. Union in 1872, later McVeytown and Martinsburg. At the earnest solicitation of Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh, who since 1866 has been a practicing physician in the place, they were induced to consider the advantages of Huntingdon. So favorably was the senior member of the firm (H. B.) impressed by his study of the location that shortly afterward he had a dream in which he saw the school full-fledged and a large body of students marching down one of the main streets. When I came in 1877 we used to walk a square each morning from the house at 1224 Washington street, to the little chapel in the *Pilgrim* building. I remember that H. B. modestly told me one day about this dream and how it seemed even then to have been fulfilled.

The *Pilgrim* building was erected in 1872, but the school was at that date a remote possibility. The printing establishment became at once a religious and intellectual center. A large room, intended for business, was fitted up as a chapel. I can recall the requests that appeared in the

THE FIRST CHAPEL

Pilgrim for aid in furnishing this room and the acknowledgment of generous donations which followed. It is probably out of respect to old and sacred associations that Professor Saylor has preferred these same plain seats in Class-room D to the later and newer style.

Various school enterprises were at that

time under way, but their success was doubtful. It may be said of these men that they were not selfish as to the location of the school which should be the recognized institution of the fraternity, for they continually agitated the question, and attended conferences to that end without pressing Huntingdon as a possible site. When all efforts seemed fruitless and the general sentiment of the state district of the church relapsed into cold indifference or died in dread of the responsibilities attending such an enterprise, it was suggested that a beginning be made in a small way in one of the rooms of the printing office. This suggestion was made at an informal meeting at which H. B., J. B. and Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh were present. The proposition met with the unani-

A. B. BRUMBAUGH, M.D.

mous approval of the little company, and they resolved to go forward.

The first question was a suitable man to take charge of the work. For some time previous to this date J. B. had been in correspondence with Prof. J. M. Zuck in regard to a school and the general educational movement. He was convinced that in Professor Zuck they had a man whose scholarly attainments would meet present requirements and whose energetic and determined spirit would win success if success were possible. With a brief announcement and with no bray of trumpets the work was quietly begun, and the result is manifest.

Through all the years these men have labored unceasingly; giving of their time and means and receiving not a farthing for their services.

Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh, in addition to much gratuitous professional service rendered to the students, has from the beginning lectured on health subjects and served as secretary of the Board of Trustees. J. B. Brumbaugh has spent much time in

the field as solicitor for the school, and since the organization of the Bible department, has taught regularly therein.

H. B. Brumbaugh has served as president of the Board of Trustees since its organization in 1878 and as president of the college from the death of Elder Quinter, 1888, until the election of Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, 1894. He has also taught continuously in the Bible department. His cool judgment on all subjects has no doubt often averted disaster, and his faith in the ultimate success of the work has carried it over many a doubtful period.

ELDER JAMES QUINTER

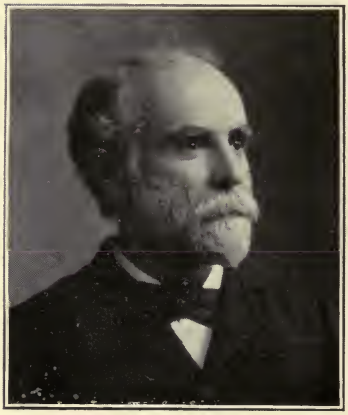
Upon the consolidation of the *Pilgrim* with the *Primitive Christian* (formerly the *Christian Family Companion*) in the Fall of

1876, Elder James Quinter removed with his family to Huntingdon and at once became heartily identified with the school work. About the beginning of the Civil War he himself had started in Ohio a similar enterprise which bade fair for success, but failed through the general disturbance of the times. After the death of Professor Zuck Elder Quinter became president of the institution. His high standing in the church, his nobility of character and eminent qualities of mind and heart well fitted him for the position he was so unexpectedly called upon to fill. The influence of his life upon the students who came under his administration cannot be estimated. His fine physique, hair of snowy whiteness, noble cast of feature and saintly bearing made him a conspicuous figure everywhere. He died while uttering a prayer, in the presence of a great congregation, at the Annual Conference at North Manchester, Ind., May 19, 1888, and so came the second great loss of a great spirit in the cause of Christian education at large, and the building of Juniata College in particular.

Following this group of men, whose business interests lay entirely outside of the school, came another set, whose relation to it as teachers intensified their interest in this particular work. Upon them fell the responsibility of working out the problems of discipline and shaping the policy of the institution. With salaries too meager to mention, they turned aside from lucrative positions and devoted themselves to a cause whose future offered no substantial reward. In them was found the strange anomaly of teachers serving as trustees of the institution that employed them, and as directors of its general affairs. The excuse for this condition was in the particular necessity for local representation in the administrative body, and the willingness to serve in this dual relation was but a proof of their general devotion to the cause. There were no personal ends to be served. Everything centered in the school.

First, in this list of teachers, trustees and general administrators, is Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh, the oldest living member of the faculty in point of service. Upon the death

of Professor Zuck, he became principal, and served in that capacity almost continuously until 1894. When it is remembered that these years covered the most critical period in the history of the educational work of the denomination, a period when the schools were on trial, when favorable sentiment was unorganized and criticism was ranging with loose rein, the difficulties of his position can be imagined. People will honor and, perchance, tip their hats to the full-grown man, if he show character; they will fondle and caress the little child because it is weak and helpless and tender; but who cares for the growing boy or the gawky youth? He is just stretching out in increasing proportions. He is growing, but has not attained symmetry. He has the consciousness of his



PROF. J. H. BRUMBAUGH

own lack of prestige and cannot range himself in the ranks of men, however strong he may feel. Prof. J. H. Brumbaugh's administration covered this youthful period and ended at the point when the young institution attained its majority, made its bow to the world, changed its name, enlarged its equipment and stood up to be counted as a college among the colleges.

PROF. JOSEPH E. SAYLOR

With the removal of the school to the new building in the spring of 1879, came several additions to the faculty. Among these was Prof. Joseph E. Saylor, teacher of mathematics and an all-around scholar. He took so kindly and earnestly to the work that it was not long until it was felt that he was an essential part of the administration. He broke his term of service long enough to complete his classical course at Ursinus College. Since that time he has labored

uninterruptedly. His devotion to duty, his conscientiousness in every matter of detail, and the thorough work of his department, gives him a standing among the students which he well deserves. He has long been secretary of the faculty, and since 1888 has been a member of the Board of Trustees. He stood the recognized head of the "Bachelor's Club," until August, 1900, when he fell under Cupid's dart and joined the honorable body of benedicts.

Early in 1877 there came as clerk to the publishing house a young man, boyish in appearance and slight of figure. They said he was a preacher, but he didn't like to preach. Some time in the fall, after school opened, he arose timidly behind the little pulpit in the old Chapel. He preached. No one now remembers the text, but no one slept during that evening. Thenceforth all recognized him as a preacher indeed. We were told of how he struggled for an education, and how as a little boy he led his blind father around the country selling pins and needles for daily bread. By and by there came a time when there

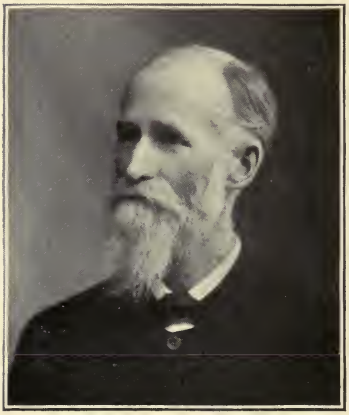
was need of more help in the faculty and more moral strength in the administration. Then the Publishing Company, with its usual generosity, surrendered their clerk, and so W. J. Swigart was added to the faculty of the school. Of the work of Professor Swigart as preacher, teacher, trustee and treasurer of the institution, it is scarcely necessary to speak. To all students and interested friends it is well known. His life has been bound up in the life of the school, and of him, if of any one, it may be said, "He is wedded to the work."

PROF. W. J. SWIGART

Prof. William Beery, the sweet singer, was one of the boys who took refuge in the mountains during the smallpox scare. He taught music during his student days, and since his graduation, in 1882 (with some interruption in which he prepared more

fully for his profession), he has had charge of that department.

Of the writer, it is not necessary to speak, except to note that he is next to the oldest member of the faculty in point of service. He has acted as trustee since 1887. In 1883 he relinquished his position as a teacher, and for the next ten years devoted himself to the organization and administration of "Homes" for the care of poor children. Since 1893 his service has been uninterrupted.



PROF. WM. BEERY

Last, but not least, as one of the younger men, came Martin G. Brumbaugh, a graduate of the English Department (class of 1885), a teacher in the school for a brief period, county superintendent for six years, teacher again, then absent on leave for study in Harvard and University of Penn-

sylvania, elected President of Juniata College in 1894, Professor of Pedagogy in University of Pennsylvania, Commissioner of Education to Porto Rico, and continuously trustee of Juniata College since 1890. What he has done to inspire the work, to broaden the outlook and to extend the scope and influence of the school is unwritten history. Struggling up from the position of a poor boy in a country village to be recognized as one of the leading educators of the nation, he stands as a worthy example to aspiring youth. His interest in the school is attested by many especial gifts, the most noteworthy of which is the famous Cassel Library of 27,000 titles.

DR. M. G. BRUMBAUGH

Of all these men it may be truly said that they wrought with singleness of purpose. Their ideas did not always coincide, but there was always that deference for each

other's views which precluded factions, the bane of institutions.

When it is considered that what Juniata now is, it has become without great endowments or gifts, but by the economical administration of its finances, and the early sacrifices of teachers and others, and that, in the erection of buildings and the extension of grounds, a few of the trustees made themselves repeatedly liable for large amounts of money, the true spirit of the work may be better understood. In all this struggle, while human effort was taxed to its utmost, they trusted not alone to the arm of flesh. Over every doorway might truthfully be written, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

TEACHERS OF THE EARLIER PERIOD

IN addition to the men referred to as "Teacher Trustees" there were a number of other men and women whose conscientious devotion to duty and earnest efforts to advance the interests of the school demand special recognition. A number of these were not members of the fraternity under whose auspices the institution is conducted. They succeeded one another as the demands of the school required, and with scarcely an exception, their interest in the work was of the most genuine sort. The limited means at command did not make the retention of many of these very capable teachers possible, so as better positions were offered, the school could only relax its claims upon them and bid them God-speed in wider and more remunerative fields.

As already noted, Miss Phœbe W. Weakley became the first assistant to Professor

Zuck in the spring of 1877, and continued until the end of the school year, in June, 1881, when failing health compelled her to relinquish her beloved profession and seek restoration in complete rest. Her sympathetic nature did much to hold the interest and good will of the students during the trying period of the early struggle.

Prof. A. S. M. Anderson was the boyhood associate of Professor Zuck. They were reared on adjoining farms in a romantic section of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. As boys they attended the same country school, and were seat-mates and confidential friends. The very disability of Professor Zuck was an additional motive for the marked affection which Professor Anderson showed for him down to the day of his death, and the same unselfish spirit accounts for the hold the latter had upon the hearts of his pupils and associates. Professor Anderson remained identified with the school until the close of the Summer term, 1879, when he entered upon the study of medicine.

Prof. D. C. Flory, a graduate of the

Brumbaugh Emmert Anderson
Miss Weakley Zuck Ewing

A FACULTY GROUP (1878)

University of Virginia, was the first regular teacher of Greek. His association with the school covered a period of two years, terminating in 1880. Later he became active in founding Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Virginia, an institution that has had

its vicissitudes, but in later years has enjoyed well-merited success.

Prof. W. W. Cotton, a brilliant elocutionist and shorthand reporter, came with the opening of the Spring term, 1879, and continued through the next year. His versatility gave much life and spirit to the work of the literary societies, and to him we are indebted for the stenographic reports of many of Elder James Quinter's sermons delivered in the Chapel.

Prof. J. E. Ockerman, of Ohio, a classmate of Professor Zuck in the National Normal School of Lebanon, Ohio, was present at the dedicatory exercises and, while here, arranged with Professor Zuck for work in the school at a later period. The sudden death of the latter apparently frustrated all previous plans; but Professor Ockerman was in our midst for two years, —1879–81.

For a period of three years, beginning in 1880, we had the valued service of Prof. J. B. Kidder, in the teaching of ancient languages. Professor Kidder was a resident of the town and was a good friend

of the institution, frequently serving on examining boards when not regularly employed in the school. He was a man of high attainments, and was revered by the students not only on account of his great age and intellectual qualities but because of his serene, yet forceful Christian character.

At the opening of the school year 1880 came a man of eminent qualifications, a graduate in two courses of the State Normal School, Millersville, Pennsylvania, and later the principal of a western school of some prominence. I was attracted to him at once because he loved the mountains. From my room, the first night of his stay with us, we watched the moon rise over "Lion's Back," and when, later, I got out of bed and sketched the same glorious orb, sailing through a "mackerel sky," his sense of appreciation gave me the index to a character, which over twenty years of intimate acquaintance has not revised. Dr. L. S. Shimmell gave to the school two years of faithful service as teacher of varied subjects, and many years of consistent friendship and good will toward the work.

Prof. Joseph S. Taylor, youthful in appearance, but equal to all demands, taught grammar and rhetoric during the year of 1880–81. A severe attack of rheumatism, I remember, deeply commended him to our sympathy during the winter, but with the coming of spring he was cheerful as the birds. He remained with us to close what was, up to that time, the most prosperous term of the school.

Professors D. M. Long and M. Lee Huber divided the year 1881–82 in the department of English. Both were graduates of the Millersville State Normal School in advanced courses. About this time some one suggested that the Huntingdon Normal School was an "annex" to the institution from which came so many of its teachers. Millersville has no reason to be ashamed of any of the men she sent us to this or a later date.

Prof. G. G. Lehmer presided over the department of penmanship and assisted in English branches for the same period. He continued a year longer and was not only an efficient teacher, but a mighty hunter

as well. He was small of stature, but full of vivacity, and was a fit companion for the stalwart Huber on their trips for pheasants, rabbits, or wild turkeys by day or for coons at night.

At the opening of school, 1883, I withdrew from the work as teacher for a period of ten years. My knowledge of a number of men who served during this time is limited and traditional.

Prof. A. B. Price, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was with us during the year 1883–4. He enjoyed a fine reputation among the students and is even yet remembered by those whose hearts he won by his consistent gentlemanly conduct and marked ability as a scholar.

At the same time came Prof. F. H. Green. They tell a little story about his being taken in hand as a student and the surprise and amazement that followed the revelation that he was a regularly engaged professor of literature and grammar. The boys soon found that he was "green" only in name and that he was a well-ripened and rounded scholar, in whom was no guile.

Professor Green remained in the position four years, when his alma mater, West Chester State Normal School, called him back and conferred upon him the honors of a leading position in her faculty. He is perennial in his love for Juniata, and through all these intervening years has frequently shed the radiance of his presence and the wealth of his knowledge of literature upon the school.

Professor Green was succeeded in the department of grammar and literature by Miss Sarah Kirk, of the same school, who, after an acceptable service of two years, was likewise recalled by her alma mater.

From 1885 to 1893 the department of ancient languages was presided over successively by Profs. Elmer E. Wolfe, F. L. Whipple, F. G. Manson, Arthur T. Walker, and George Ellsler.

Prof. W. E. Bowman, of Indiana, a graduate of Ann Arbor University, followed in the department of English. He remained two years, during which time he gave to the school faithful service and to the young men the noblest ideals of manhood.

Miss Lizzie B. Howe, a graduate (1885) in the Normal English Course, became at once a member of the faculty and continued to the close of the year 1894. During these years Miss Howe was a strong factor in the development of the intellectual and moral life of the school.

Miss Ida Pecht was the first regular teacher of music and held the position for a period of ten years. She was succeeded by Miss Irene Kurtz in 1892.

In addition to these were a number of young people who taught at various times in the several departments,—Mrs. Cora A. Silverthorn (née Brumbaugh), Misses Mary Quinter, Estella Michener, Ella Arnold, and Messrs. A. C. Weiand, C. H. Bucher, Jacob Gochenour, C. O. Beery, Frank Holsopple, W. C. Hanawalt, and J. C. Reiff.

This period ends with a change of name from Brethren's Normal College to Juniata College, and covers a stage of material development to the time when two tall buildings looked out over the tree-tops and the thirteenth class in the Normal English department was graduated.

SOME FRIENDS AND HELPERS

FOUNDED April 17, 1876, under the title of the Huntingdon Normal School and Collegiate Institute, the school was chartered November, 1878, as the Brethren's Normal College, with the following trustees:

For three years, Elders James Quinter, H. B. Brumbaugh, D. F. Stouffer, J. F. Oller, and Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh.

For two years, Elders John Harley, W. J. Swigart, and Messrs. J. B. Brumbaugh, A. W. Mentzer, and J. W. Beachey.

For one year, Elders Jacob Conner, Hiram Musselman, E. D. Kendig, Mr. D. F. Price and Dr. C. F. Oellig.

In the limited space at my disposal it will be impossible to refer at any length to more than a few of the men and women who, through all these years, have served in the capacity of trustees. Many have passed away, and with others I did not enjoy a very close acquaintance, so that I may be

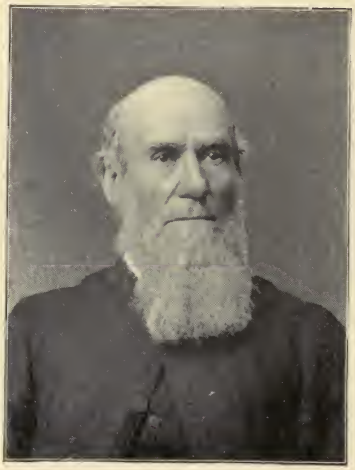
able to speak but briefly even of those whom I know to have been most actively concerned in the administration of the work.

One of the very earliest friends of the school was Elder Isaac Price, of Schuylkill, Pa., although on account of age and infirmities he was never a trustee. In his youthful days he was an intimate associate of Elder James Quinter, and throughout his life he was an earnest advocate of everything designed to promote the world's welfare. He early identified himself with the school movement as a friendly helper and adviser, and appeared in our midst for the last time, in May, 1879. His animation swept the audience with enthusiasm when, in a neat speech, he presented to the school the large pulpit

ELDER ISAAC PRICE

Bible which still lies upon the Chapel desk bearing his name and the date of its presentation.

Elder Price was represented on the Board of Trustees for a number of years by his son, Benj. F. Price, who was devoted to the interests of the school, and contributed liberally to its support.



ELDER J. F. OLLER

Two of the men in the above list of original trustees, Elders Jacob Oller and D. F. Stouffer, enjoyed the distinction of serving continuously to the day of their death. Both were liberal patrons of the school and each in his own community represented the cause to the limit of his influence. Elder Oller was a regular attendant on the sessions for special Bible study from their beginning, in 1891, to his

death, in 1898. The four weeks that he spent here each year mingling cheerily with the students endeared him to the hearts of all and make his memory precious. He is worthily succeeded by his son, Joseph F. Oller, who has given many substantial tokens of his interest in the work and perpetuates the helpful influence of his lamented father.

Elder D. F. Stouffer, prevented by business engagements from being frequently in our midst, was yet a tireless worker from the beginning. Our homes were in the same little village, and I well remember when he called on me in company with Professor Zuck, during our smallpox vacation, and solicited my subscription to stock in the prospective institution. I urged the lack of means and proposed a half share. Then it was suggested that I make it a whole share in order to become eligible to the position of trustee, as necessity might indicate. They flattered my vanity to the extent that I yielded and took a whole share, paying one-half cash. For the other half I made two dozen study tables (work-

ing on Saturdays and mornings and evenings). These tables are yet doing good service in the boys' apartments in Founders' Hall. By a recent action of the stockholders, Elder Stouffer is succeeded by his daughter, Miss Jennie, as trustee.

ELDER D. F. STOUFFER

Another of the original trustees was Elder John Harley, of Pottstown, Pa. He was an earnest and consistent friend and helper until he passed away in 1895. Business engagements deterred him from meeting with the trustees in regular sessions, but his advice was always timely and his messages were such as to inspire courage and hopefulness.

Elder Jacob Conner, also one of the original members, has served with but a slight break down to the present date. He has done much in many helpful ways to promote the interest of the school. His nephew, Prof. Joseph E. Saylor, has, in a

sense, been his representative in the active administration of the work.

Elder E. D. Kendig, whose wife was numbered among the smallpox victims, is likewise in the foregoing list of honorable names. It was only natural that so intimate a friend of the founder of the school and so earnest and devoted a worker should have a place in the administrative body. His services covered a period of four years, and it has been a matter of regret that geographical location prohibits his further service in connection with the institution. He has, since the organization of Bridgewater College, been active in its administration.

ELDER JOHN HARLEY

The remaining members of the original Board, A. W. Mentzer, J. W. Beachey, B. F. Price, Dr. C. F. Oellig, and Elder Hiram Musselman, served for varying periods, and each in his own way was

earnest in his advocacy of the cause. Elder Musselman, passing away only a year ago, left a liberal legacy to the institution. In the list of men and women who subsequently served for a term of three years or longer appear the names of Elders William Howe, James R. Lane, J. T. Myers, Frank Holsopple, and the following laymen: Joseph Fitzwater, Edward Koenigmacher, S. J. Miller, S. P. Brumbaugh, D. Y. Swayne, John C. Reiff and Samuel Eby. Also, Misses Mary Grubb, Anna Bechtel, and Mrs. Amanda Buck, Belinda Stoner, Wealthy A. Burkholder and Mary S. Geiger.

Elder William Howe was closely identified with these interests; six of his children at different times attended the school, five of whom completed courses. Apart from the fact that he served as trustee for several terms, convenience of access brought him in close contact with the management. He was always a welcome visitor, and his fatherly counsels were well received by young and old alike.

During the later years the school has

enjoyed kind consideration at the hands of Mrs. Mary S. Geiger. Her visits during Bible sessions are always anticipated with pleasure.

The distance of most of the non-resident trustees from the seat of the college precludes their frequent attendance, but the assistance they afford in various ways has been uniformly helpful to the local management.

ELDER WILLIAM HOWE

Besides the trustees there are a few other persons whose help merits recognition. Among these is Elder Lewis Kimmel, who was the principal of the Plum Creek Normal School in the early seventies. When that enterprise was abandoned, he generously donated the library to the new institution at Huntingdon. This exhibited a most generous spirit, which was further

manifested by liberal cash contributions by himself and several near relatives.

Another notable character is the historian and antiquarian, Abram Cassel. From the very inception of the work his sympathies were enlisted. He was from his childhood a lover of books. He tells a quaint story of his early experience in the pursuit of knowledge. His father considered it a religious duty to raise his son in ignorance, and so did not permit him to have a light to study by. This did not daunt the courage of the boy, for he would crawl out on the porch-roof at night and read by the friendly light of the moon. His love of books and knowledge led to the collection of many thousands of volumes, mostly religious and historical — some rare and valuable. This collection is now divided (by purchase) between Mt. Morris College and Juniata.

This list might be lengthened by many worthy names. These may serve, however, to illustrate the spirit which has been so large a factor in the development of this educational enterprise to the present stage.

As appropriately here as elsewhere, I may refer to the faithful service of John G. Keeny as steward and superintendent of grounds for a period of seventeen years.

JOHN G. KEENY

With the most unselfish interest, he performed his duties, having the welfare of the institution always nearest his heart, and when he died January 18, 1899, everybody thought of the fitness of the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." "Papa" Keeny—as all called him—was ably seconded in his every effort by his worthy wife, "Mother" Keeny. Mrs. Keeny has been so long a part of the work that she feels more at home within these walls than anywhere else. The students conspire to add pleasure to the peace of her declining years.

OLD TENNIS COURT

JUNIATA OF THE LATER DAY

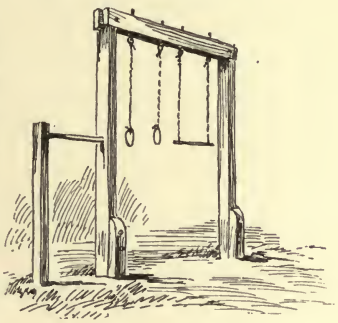
BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENTS

THE amendment of the charter and the change of name in 1894 brought other changes and an enlarged outlook. The title Juniata, with the associations of a beautiful valley and an historic river, was a magic word in the minds of the students. So it was not long until the muse and the musician had woven beautiful songs that fitly celebrated the praises of all.

Under "Enlarging the Borders" I have

briefly noted the improvements which came in quick succession. The complete group of buildings, Founders', Ladies', Students' and Oneida Halls, are even yet only the parts of an uncompleted plan which exists in the dark recesses of a few fertile minds.

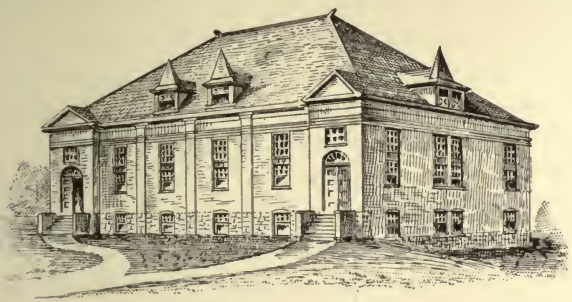
In the olden time, and even down to a very few years ago, the boys engaged in minor sports in the cross streets and played their greater games on the commons. One form of exercise was a run of a certain number of times around the square. The old trapeze, with its great iron rings and cross-bar, was the first step toward systematic athletics. Then followed the Indian club and dumb-bell drills, first in the basement of Students' Hall, and later in the old dining-room. The purchase, a few years ago, of a full square of ground conveniently located at the foot of the hill, provided a beautiful athletic field of about three acres. A similar purchase of



two half squares, one on the east and the other on the south, gave place for tennis courts and room for other lighter games. These provisions for exercise and amusement have been beneficial to the students in every way. There is little tendency now to parade the streets and less to break over rules in rambles in forbidden ways.

Enthusiasm once aroused takes account of no obstacle, so to fitly mark the completion of the twenty-five years of progress the students inaugurated a movement for the erection of a building to serve the double purpose of auditorium and gymnasium. They backed up their talk by liberal pledges and cash donations exceeding a thousand dollars. Some generous friends "chipped in"; one good soul offered to pay a tenth of the entire cost, and the trustees added a little to their financial responsibilities. So the gymnasium, under the most discouraging conditions of construction, is shaped for the notable occasion which fitly celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college.

Again, in the early days the sick were cared for in their own apartments. The "chum" carried meals and administered medicines. A few years ago "the cottage" was erected at the rear of Ladies' Hall and a skilled nurse placed in charge. It was a little amusing to note how shy the students



THE GYMNASIUM

were of the little hospital. We were cautioned, too, not to say "hospital," but after a few had been down and found how delightfully quiet the place is and how comfortable to rest in the neat white cots (not to mention the kind attentions of Mrs. Coble), there was no further trouble. The cottage has now become a refuge for all the afflicted.

The library, set up at first in the corner of Professor Zuck's room, was for a long time chased around from place to place. For some years it rested in No. 56, the present office. Then, when Students' Hall was finished, the books stood in tall double-faced cases in the present reading-room. Later, Dr. M. G. and Elder H. B. Brumbaugh erected, at their own expense, the vault at the rear, and connected it with the reading-room by a narrow corridor. Strange, indeed, to recall the collection, which one could have hauled on one good-sized wheelbarrow, in contrast with the thousands of volumes now crowded into this vault, or arranged on extra shelving in other places. The laboratories and the museum led a precarious existence until they found homes in the basement under Students' Hall.

The spirit of helpfulness, characteristic of the earliest efforts of Professor Zuck, has been evident through all the history of the institution—young men and young women have been encouraged to go on with their work, and when interest and character justified it the trustees have taken

financial risks, made liberal discounts, or extended the time of payment. In few instances has this confidence been misplaced.

The generous disposition of the management and the self-reliance of the student are illustrated in the following incident: A young lady, who, in early childhood, suffered the entire loss of one hand and the serious maiming of the other, was graduated. When she appeared at the office to settle her account she was informed that the trustees had voted her a liberal reduction. To this she replied: "I appreciate the kindness, but cannot accept the offer. My mother told me before she died that I should depend upon myself, and I desire the pleasure of paying this bill in full." Hers is a worthy example to men and women with strong arms and healthy bodies.

The most notable organization for the help of worthy young men and women is the "Alumni Association." This association was formed in the early days of the school, and year by year adds to its membership, increases its endowments, and enlarges the sphere of its beneficence.

JUNIATA OF THE LATER DAY
(CONTINUED)

MEASURES AND MEN

THE experimental stage passed, new responsibilities were to be met in providing additional courses and equipments. A commercial department was established in 1891, under the charge of Prof. George W. Snavely. This department has had a successful career and sent out many young men and women to do battle in the world of business.

For some years post-graduate work was pursued by a number of young men and women of the Normal English course. This work was systematized under the "scientific course," which only three definitely completed — M. G. Brumbaugh, '85; I. Harvey Brumbaugh, '89, and Grace (Quinter) Holsopple '91.

The regular classical course was not completed by any one until 1897, when D. C. Reber was creditably graduated. Thus the

wider field was entered and a standard was set for future work along the lines of higher education. Juniata, on the merit of its work and the extent of its equipment, was now admitted to the "college council" of the state, and its graduates of the classical department were admitted to post-graduate work in the University of Pennsylvania. Since the graduation of the lone member of the first class, it has been the pleasure of the institution to confer degrees upon graduates in the college department on every succeeding commencement to this quadri-centennial period.

The special interest taken in Bible study from the very beginning of the school led to the establishment of a biblical department in 1897. Prof. Amos H. Haines, a graduate of Rutgers College, New Jersey, and later a graduate of the Theological Department of Yale University, was placed in charge. Associated with him are Elders H. B. and J. B. Brumbaugh and W. J. Swigart. This course fills a long-felt need and is inviting to the brightest minds of the institution. Thus it appears that at

the end of twenty-five years the school in a modest way has realized in no small degree the high ideals of its devoted founder.

The work of the men and women of this later period is present-day history. I transcend the limits of the reminiscent, however, to make personal references for the benefit of the thousands of Juniata students who are scattered abroad.

Immediately after his graduation, D. C. Reber was added to the faculty and remained until 1900, when he resigned his position to pursue post-graduate work in the University of the City of New York. D. C. set a good pace for all classical students who may follow him.

C. C. Ellis was also a solitary member of the succeeding College class. He came to us a lad of about thirteen. He showed pluck from the start and graduated from the Normal English course before he was quite sixteen. When he went out to teach his first school the pupils and patrons smiled at his boyish appearance, but he had courage and might have felt, if he did not say it, "Let no man despise my

Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, President of the College (in Porto Rico)

A FACULTY GROUP (1901)

Miss Nellie McVey

Reading from left, first row — Miss Mary Bartholow, O. Perry Hoover, Elder H. B. Brumbaugh, I. Harvey Brumbaugh (acting President), Jacob H. Brumbaugh, Amos H. Haines, Miss Ruby B. Pixley.

Second row — A. B. Brumbaugh, M.D., Jacob M. Blough, Elder J. B. Brumbaugh, Elder W. J. Swigart, Miss Bessie Rohrer, J. Allan Myers, George W. Snavely, Charles C. Ellis, Joseph E. Saylor.

Third row — William Beery, Charles A. Hodges, D. Emmert.

youth." He won public favor and is winning it still. Lack of means is no insurmountable barrier to the young man who is determined to succeed.

It is a good fortune for a young man to grow up under the influences which he may be called upon later in life to help perpetuate. As we used to go in and out at the old Chapel in the publishing house at 1400 Washington street, there frequently peeped at us around the corner a timid little boy whom we called "Harvey." He grew up serenely, a quiet and thoughtful youth, and when he came to mingle with the big boys on the hill the teacher of arithmetic had to stand him upon a chair that he might put his work in proper position on the blackboard. He made good use of his time, of course, for he was barely sixteen when he presented himself before that sedate body, the examining committee, and was recommended for graduation. Then for a year or two he was a "post" and finally he was announced as a graduate of the scientific course. There were no other courses to conquer on the

hill, so he entered Haverford College, from which he graduated in 1892. He was still a slender youth when he was added to the faculty as teacher of Greek and Latin in the fall of 1892. After teaching a year or two he entered Harvard for advanced work, and graduated there in 1895. The same (Prof.) I. Harvey Brumbaugh has served as vice-president or acting president since 1897.

Prof. J. A. Myers was another of the Normal boys who sifted himself out from the average lot of teachers and made himself a reputation as the superintendent of schools in his native county (Mifflin) for six consecutive years. Then he came home to Juniata as teacher of various English branches. Later he pursued special study along scientific lines at the University of Pennsylvania. Afterwards he did a notable thing—a thing never heard of in the botanical world before. In 1897 he slyly stole off to Ohio and found a "Violet" at Christmas time. He came back and built himself a beautiful home and settled down, with (Mrs.) Viola, right in the midst of the college community.

Away back in the early eighties, in the roll of students is found the name of O. Perry Hoover. He came from Ohio — a vigorous boy. He had a tender place about his heart for those in need, and when the Orphans' Home grounds were being shaped up what did he do but have sent from his father's nurseries a fine lot of trees and grape-vines, to be planted for the pleasure of the children. The grape-vines are there still, and have delighted hundreds of unfortunate, but happy, little ones. The trees — well, the boys helped to plant them outside, and the cows — the hundred or more cows that ranged at will in those days on the commons — just devoured them. For years and years O. P., as we called him, buried himself amid books and struggled with Greek and every other hard problem he could lay hands upon in western colleges and finally carried off two parchments from DePauw University, Indiana. Then he went to Germany, but the sudden death of his father demanded his quick return to this country with his course incomplete and his ambition unful-

filled. It was only natural that he should be called back to Juniata as teacher of Greek and philosophy. He found the mountains still here, and the old-time love for these beauties was quickly rekindled.

Among the men who spent briefer periods with us was Noah J. Brumbaugh (Harvard). Besides being a fine scholar, he was noted for his admiration of a certain "Rose," which fair flower he has later claimed as his own.

Prof. S. B. Heckman succeeded Prof. N. J. Brumbaugh. The University of Pennsylvania captured him as a special student in German, and of late he has acted as the private secretary of Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh in the island of Porto Rico.

For three years Dr. G. W. A. Lyon rounded up the boys in Latin and Greek. He always stood up bravely for Yale in the midst of those teacher associates who decorated their rooms with the flag bearing a big "H" for Harvard.

Prof. Fayette A. McKenzie presided over the department of German from 1898–1900. He hailed from Lehigh University and,

though slight of figure, he gave the boys splendid ideals in athletics. In morals, manners and scholarship he was every inch a man.

Prof. Albert D. Hartley (University of Pennsylvania) helped us through the rush of a busy Spring term, and while here made numerous friends.

In the fall of 1899 came Prof. C. A. Hodges, a lover of things beautiful in nature and art. He claims the University of Chicago as his alma mater. He turned aside slightly from the department of English and literature to conduct the work in philosophy, history and political science, for each of which he seems to have special fondness. He loves the mountain surroundings, is identified with the spirit of Juniata, is devoted to her interests and has faith in her future.

It is notable that the department of German, so inauspiciously inaugurated under the "German Professor" in 1877, should at the end of twenty-five years be presided over by a woman. Miss Ruby B. Pixley, a graduate of Wooster University, Ohio,

teaches German both by text and conversation. She also teaches French, and a glance at the bulletin board will indicate the popularity of these courses and the healthy tendency of the educational world toward the study of the modern languages.

C. C. Johnson and Jacob M. Blough have both taught in the English department while pursuing higher work.

Miss Bertha E. Fahrney presided over the shorthand and typewriting department from 1897–1900, when she changed her name and entered a wider field of Christian work. Her successor, Miss Mary E. Bartholow, knew the whole contents of this little book before it appeared in print, having labored with me in great patience over the manuscript in the odd moments which I caught up in its preparation.

To round up the whole list, so far as my memory serves me, of all the names who have appeared in the faculty list from the very beginning, I may very fitly refer to Miss Nellie McVey, teacher of instrumental music. She identified herself with the college in 1897. Her skill as a teacher

and her love for her art arouse the enthusiasm of her pupils. Her musical recitals are always events of much interest and pleasure to the students and appreciative friends in the town.

THE GORGE—UP THE RIVER

THE MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT

IT is no reflection upon the imaginative or moral qualities of the ancients that they personified the mountains and made them the eternal dwelling places of the gods. Mountains have their mission to the inner spirit of man, as they have to the physical order of which they form a part. Forbidding in their rugged grandeur, awe-inspiring as they clothe themselves in mist and mingle with the skies, they bear a close acquaintance and reward the reverent approach of the true lover of

nature by sights, sounds, and odors—and more, by lessons to his soul which no view from afar, however enrapturing, can afford.

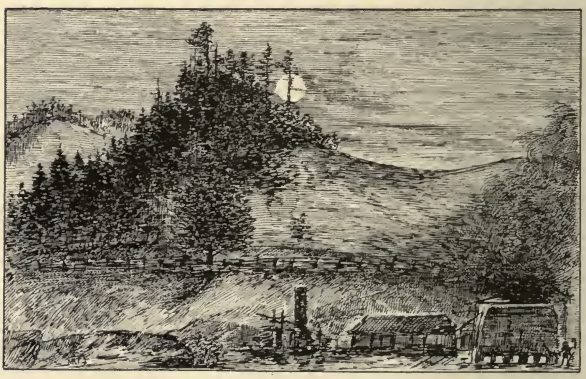
The great world-shaping forces that hewed out a channel for one of the most beautiful rivers of Pennsylvania wrought some of their most charming wonders in the region round about Huntingdon. To climb to the top of the tower of Founders' Hall and look out upon the landscape is to be amply rewarded for the toil. Here is one of the grandest cycloramas of mountain scenery to be found among the eastern systems. The valleys, walled in by high ramparts of forest-clad ranges, run in but two directions, north and south. They are narrow and dotted with farm-houses and variegated by cultivated fields and native woodland. They luxuriate in verdure in the springtime and don the richest tints of crimson and gold in the autumn. The river issues from a deep gorge a quarter of a mile to the west, is parted by "Cypress Island" (now the Reformatory gardens), sweeps in a crescent around the town, and is lost from sight under the

bold promontory of "Stone Creek Ridge," a mile or more below. "Crooked Creek," true to its name, winds as a silver thread through the meadows and joins the Juniata near where the latter disappears from view.

But the mountains—we must count them one by one and know them by name to love them aright. Coming from the broad valleys of the east or the fertile plains of the west, it is not uncommon for students and others to feel at first embarrassed, if not depressed, by the narrow limits of their horizon.

Over there across the meadow is a peculiar hill, "The Little Green Mountain," or "Lion's Back." The sun comes up immediately over it, varying according to season along its gently curving outlines. It does not take much of an imagination to trace in it the resemblance to the figure of a crouching lion. Until a few years ago the rich growth of native pine on the crest and the north slope gave a fitting suggestion of the mane of a most majestic "king of beasts." Then, sad to relate, the hill was shorn of its primitive covering and the

long summer through supplied fuel to the brick-kilns at its base. There is still the figure of the same noble animal, but looking, now, like a poor beast long imprisoned and jaded by the presence of curious crowds of humanity, pining for his native



"THE LION'S BACK"

haunts and the associations of congenial companions. A few straggling peach trees offer the only compensation for this sad desecration.

The narrow valley to the north is bounded on the east by a series of "sugar-loaf" hills—if they may not be dignified by

the larger term, mountains. Here and there still towers a lone pine tree to tell how royal must have been their native covering. Just peering above these is a line of pure blue fading away into the misty distance; hills they are, called by the suggestive if not euphonious name "lick ridges."

Warrior's Ridge cuts short our view of the valley about five miles away, where prominent peaks jut up and add picturesqueness to the landscape. Cultivated fields give a brilliant touch of color to the side and summit of this range. By gentle undulations the ridge skirts the north side of the valley until it is abruptly cut through by the Juniata river less than a quarter of a mile from the college buildings. Neighboring farms have crowded back the forest growth until the prim line of oak and pine almost justifies the fitness of the name, as the trees stand like full panoplied warriors bold against the ethereal blue.

For seven miles the river winds its way through this broken region. Under jutting cliffs and frowning heights — now reflecting like a mirror the beauty above it,

now dashing to feathery foam on the rocky rapids — here the old Oriskany sandstone rises by spires and pinnacles into strange fantastic shapes, and one can sit and contemplate the wonderful geological story in the series of fossil remains it bears. One of the greatest of modern highways threads its way through the gorge. It has superseded the old waterway, once the great thoroughfare to the west. Here passed the boats, freight-laden, which were later conveyed in sections over the mountains, pinned together again on the other side and floated down the western slope of the Alleghanies to Pittsburg and the regions more remote. All that now remains of the once valued channel is marked by the white line where the water breaks over the ruins of the old dam beyond. From this cliff one looks down upon the top of tall pines and hemlocks, and out over the dismembered section of the same ridge to where Tussey's mountain stands like a battlement against the western sky.

If one is disposed to indulge in reveries, here is a congenial spot; but this ground

is historic. Just opposite the most commanding point is an old house on the farther side of the river; the smoke curling up from its darkened chimney tells that it is tenanted still. On the same site,

THE GORGE — DOWN THE RIVER

or near it, if not a part of the same house, stood the famous "Cryder's Mill." Here great rafts were built, laden with flour ground from grain which men grew in the valleys beyond, scattering seed with one hand and holding the weapon of defense in the other. These rafts were floated down the long rivers, hundreds of miles, and

across the bay to Baltimore, where the flour commanded fancy prices because of its coming from the then wild western frontier. The occupants of this same mill witnessed the wild flight of "Jane McGuire and the cow" with the Indians in hot pursuit.

The valley south is lost to view at a distance of twenty miles or more. Tussey's Mountain runs like a bold wall along the western side; Piney Ridge is broken by peaks and promontories on the east. At the very mouth of this valley and on the river's high bank is the State Reformatory, with its strong walls and queer guard towers. Its beautifully kept grounds and trim and well-cultivated farm are attractive features in the landscape.

Just beyond the town, "Shelving Rocks" rise perpendicularly hundreds of feet. The strata are peculiarly and abruptly broken. The severed members come clearly to view at the end of Stone Creek Ridge on the opposite side of the river. Who can read the story of the ages so plainly written here? Well has a professor of Harvard

said, "Huntingdon lies in one of the most interesting geological areas of the Keystone state." Shelving Rocks recalls many pleasant rambles of Juniata students. What of the botanizing expeditions, when luncheon was spread in the mouth of the glen at the point of the ridge? Then the hard climb to its top, even from the rear of the cliffs, the charming outlook upon the town, and the grand panorama of hills and mountains to the west and north; the shouts and songs from the summit, and later, the descent by the winding path, over trunks of fallen hemlocks and under the dark shadows of very giants of their race, still standing, where ferns and wild flowers luxuriate. The botany classes have frequently reported fifty species gathered on a single afternoon and that without a serious effort to fill the herbarium at the expense of sociability.

But the prince of all the mountains is "Old Terrace," plainly visible from the college campus on any clear day. At a distance it is always charming; near-by it is no less so. One July day we climbed

this peak, forsaking by-paths and the rude roads of the woodmen and going up by a "bee-line" to the top. It seemed strange that ladies of the company should have been brave enough to climb, when climbing was possible only by aid of bushes and straggling vines. We sat upon the peak to witness a thunder-storm in the valley below, when a copper sheen overspread the landscape, and zigzag lightnings played beneath us. Then, when the sunlight followed the passing clouds, it was a reversal of the telescope, for "Juniata" and the town loomed up in their gorgeous mountain setting, five miles to the westward. We had made the ascent of the "father of the hills" and were satisfied.

What we did, numerous companies of students and others have done, year by year, when autumn bespangles these crests with her richest tints, or when, in the early springtime, the beautiful trailing arbutus unveils its fair face to the balmy breezes.

VIEW OF HUNTINGDON AND SURROUNDINGS FROM HILL WEST OF COLLEGE BUILDINGS

"Old Terrace" in the Distance

STANDING STONE
From a Painting by John Chaplin

HUNTINGDON

THERE is enough in Indian legend and romance associated with the coming of the white man to the Juniata valley to furnish material for a fascinating volume. How beautiful must have been this land in its wildness! One can but regret that he was not here to see the river before man polluted it; to see the mountains before commerce had

hewn down their sides and broken the gentle outline of their faces, and to view these hills, forest-clad, before the greed for gain left them in their baldness.

If a nobler and more courageous race of red men dwelt here it was because the Creator had builded for them in this place a grander cathedral for their worship, and made sure their sustenance by providing haunts for wild beasts so congenial to them, and so inaccessible to man, that civilization to the present day has not wholly exterminated them. Even now one need not go many miles to find deer—"Diamond Valley" and the "Barrens" are less than a day's journey—and, within my recollection, this timid creature has been tracked and killed almost within sight of the town. The bear still lingers, in the face of a relentless foe, and one often hears of encounters with "Bruin" right here in the heart of a populous area. Wild turkeys are still comparatively common, and the abundance of other small game suggests the probable extent of savage resources.

Huntingdon was originally called "Stand-

ing Stone"; later the name was changed to "Huntingdon" in honor of Lady Huntingdon, of England, who gave money for missionary work in this wild frontier region. When I came to the town somebody told me the name came from an Indian expression signifying —"Hunting is done," sorrowfully uttered by the noble warriors as they saw the white men crowding into the valley and, bidding adieu to their much-loved soil, they passed to the shadowy side of the mountain. I was so impressed with the beauty of the surroundings and the novelty of the name that I made a group of sketches of the town and a few neighboring scenes, surmounting the whole by a melancholy Indian and his inquiring dog. When the drawings were exhibited to the public (1877) they excited some comment and led me to the fact of the true origin of the word. I always regretted that the romance was taken out of

the name, but, perchance, the memory of a good woman is as well perpetuated thus.

The original "Standing Stone," fourteen feet high and six inches square, bearing the records of their tribe, was carried off by the Oneida Indians when they left the valley. Another similar stone was set up in the same spot. A fragment of this stone now in Juniata College library was found some years ago in the walls of an old bake-oven. Plainly engraved upon it are the names of John and Charles Lukens (surveyors), Thomas Smith, and others less distinct, and dates from 1768 to 1770.

All this — Indian associations and mountain surroundings — may have little to do in the making of a school. After these years, I can better understand why the

A FRAGMENT OF STANDING STONE

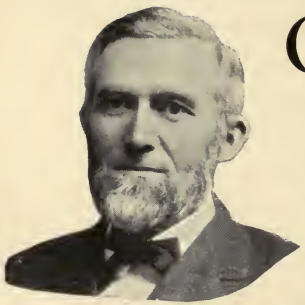
young man born and reared in the midst of this grandeur, facing every morning from his front door the craggy heights of Shelving Rocks and Piney Ridge and catching the first flashes of sunlight on the crested dome of Terrace Mountain, should have selected for his address at the first public commencement of the school, the subject: "Huntingdon as a Desirable Place for an Educational Institution." What he said I never knew, but what inspired his utterances I can easily discern.

Hawthorne, in one of his matchless stories, describes a young man, who, year after year, looked upon "The Great Stone Face" (hewn by the hand of nature in the rocky cliff of a great mountain gorge), until the high ideal he associated with tne image was realized in his own life. And it is true, character is insensibly molded and strengthened by physical surroundings. We cannot be too strongly impressed by primitive nature when delving for truth and struggling for mental development.

No one can spend three years on the

"Hill" and drink in the loveliness from every side of Juniata's walls and not be better and purer—a more sincere lover of the beautiful as God made it, and a more heroic helper in the moral uplift of man. And when I hear, as I often have heard, far away, people speak of the devotion of "Juniata's students" I can tell them that it is not fine buildings nor expensive equipment, not teachers more learned than hundreds of other schools have, but that it is the surroundings which temper the mind, and an influence not readily accounted for shapes the life and intensifies the interests.

AN AFTER WORD



QUITE beyond the limits of all early expectation has this little narrative grown. The first chapters were written for the entertainment of a few friends and the instruction of my own children, during a long period of convalescence from fever. The appreciation and encouragement of these friends have multiplied pages and extended the scope of the story. And now that the work is done, sketchy and fragmentary as it must necessarily be, I can but commit it to the sympathetic consideration of those who know the cost and sacrifice involved in every philanthropic effort. The cause of Christian education is sufficient to commend to the good will of the world at large an enterprise devoted to that high purpose. It is hoped these

efforts to preserve from oblivion a few facts and incidents of the history of Juniata College may not pass without appreciation from those who have shared its benefits and aided in its upbuilding.

Even now the growth of Juniata seems like a dream, and yet it is true! Step by step, with the hopefulness of pioneer effort, always, the struggle has not been without its pleasure nor the pain without its compensation. The visible results are only incidental to the nobility of character wrought out under these benign influences.

David Emmert

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.,
June 15, 1901.

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